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NATIONAL REVIEW

A JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

Was Canada's Coyne Right?

DONALD COXE

Fall Book Number

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JOAN DIDION

SIR SHANE LESLIE

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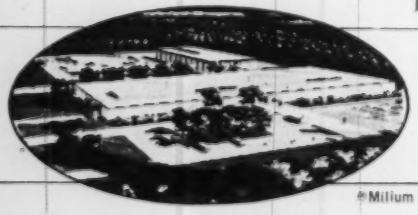

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NATIONAL REVIEW

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EDITOR: Wm. F. Buckley, Jr.
PUBLISHER: William A. Rusher

EDITORS
L. Brent Bozell, James Burnham, Willmoore Kendall
Frank S. Meyer, William F. Rickenbacker
MANAGING EDITOR: Priscilla L. Buckley
PRODUCTION EDITOR: Mabel Wood
ASSISTANT PUBLISHER: J. P. McFadden

ASSOCIATES
Frank Chodorov, Morrie Ryskind
EDITORIAL ASSISTANT: David Franke

CONTRIBUTORS
C. D. Batchelor, Colm Brogan, John Chamberlain, John Abbot Clark, Peter Crumpet, Forrest Davis, A. Derso, Joan Didion, Medford Evans, M. Stanton Evans, J. D. Futch, Henry Hazlitt, Aloise B. Heath, Will Herberg, Hugh Kenner, James Jackson Kilpatrick, John D. Kreuttner, Suzanne La Follette, Sir Arnold Lunn, J. B. Matthews, Jonathan Mitchell, Thomas Molnar, Gerhart Niemeyer, Maureen B. O'Reilly, E. Merrill Root, Ralph de Toledano, Richard M. Weaver, Frederick D. Wilhelmsen, Garry Wills

FOREIGN CONTRIBUTORS
London: Anthony Lejeune
Munich: E. v. Kuehnelt-Leddihn

CIRCULATION MANAGER: Charles J. McHugh
ADVERTISING MANAGER: Michael M. Mooney

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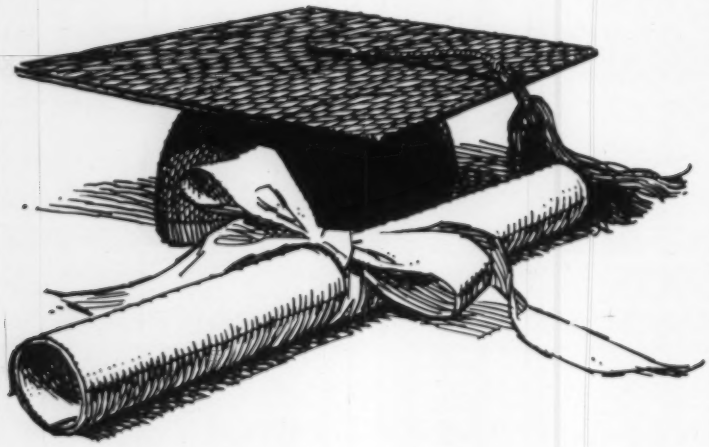
In This Issue . . .

➔ We feature Books. **Brent Bozell** wonders why on earth Mr. Francis Biddle attempts to add to the prestige of Oliver Wendell Holmes Jr., when the urgent job at hand is to remove O. W. H. from the American pantheon. Mr. Bozell, by the way, is planning to return to the United States next August, a date the politicians of Maryland should mark down on their calendars. . . . **Joan Didion** reviews the most heralded fiction of recent years, the latest by Mr. J. D. Salinger. Everything they say about him is true, says Miss Didion—whose recalcitrance (she is overbooked, these days, by *Vogue*, etc., and how we miss her!) is among *NR*'s High Priority Problems—but more besides: Mr. Salinger is the upper middle class' Norman Vincent Peale. . . **Henry Hazlitt** asks how is it possible that a book as prophetic as the one he reviews by Wilhelm Roepke, written sixteen years ago, should have gone so long untranslated. . . **Willmoore Kendall** will teach graduate courses at Georgetown University during the second semester (whence, it is hoped, no fallout from his lectures will contaminate students at Yale University, to whose faculty he used to belong, until last spring, when he was per$uaded to re$ign) and asks in his review, Is it true, as Professor Henry S. Kariel contends, that there is no alternative, in a pluralistic society like our own, which depends upon private associations to provide the equilibrium for a balanced political situation, to turning the whole job over to the state? (Answer: No.)

➔ **Ralph de Toledano**, editor of *World*, the national weekly newspaper which has met an enthusiastic response from the newsstand vendors, examines the organic deliquencies of the Beat poets (if *NR* were to pass a law against cruel and unusual punishment, his review would have been rejected). . . **Donald Coxe** is a bright and urbane graduate student at the University of Toronto, who supplies the missing pieces in the complicated question of whether Canada's controversial Mr. Coyne was or was not, when all was said and done, on the free market side of the great row. . . And Mr. **Philip Burnham**, former co-editor of *Commonweal* who now lives in Arizona and is a close student of Mexican affairs, discusses the strange problem of Mexico, whose official position is, There Are No Communists, and whose most urgent problem is, How Shall We Deal With Them? . . . **Russell Kirk** is back from Europe, but just before returning got a first-hand view of the encouraging growth, one hundred years after the Risorgimento, of a truly conservative, free-market movement in Italy.

➔ Our poet of the week is Mr. **Matthew Mead** (no Beat he), an Englishman whose *A Poem in Nine Parts* was recently published (by *Migrant*), and from whose "Identities" our poetry editor, Professor Hugh Kenner, has excerpted two bits "that come loose from the whole with minimum damage." ➔



Tied with ribbon or red tape?

We hear a lot of hurrahs for federal aid to education. Let Washington pick up the tab, they say. New classrooms, books, tuition, teachers' salaries. Sounds great. But is it? Let's see:

First of all, federal funds are a myth. This is only our tax money, returned to us minus the high government brokerage fee.

Second, there are strings attached. Government controls inevitably follow dispensation of federal aid. And we are haunted by the spectre of Washington bureaucracy dictating what can . . . and cannot be taught.

Third, and this is the crux of the matter, *the need for federal aid has never been conclusively proven.* The fact is, every state is financially capable of providing for its educational needs. All that is needed is proper initiative and determination. And this is a local problem, not federal.

(Here's a good example: Rockford College, Rockford, Ill., not only didn't solicit federal aid, they publicly repudiated it and all its deceptive benevolences. Rockford's $15 million campus relocation will be financed by private support.)

One more objection. Federal aid to education is unconstitutional, according to the Tenth Amendment.

We heartily endorse and support the spirit that seeks to stimulate better education. But to apply the panacea of massive doses of federal aid will stifle community spirit, self reliance, and independence.

And aren't these the very things that make our nation great?

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The WEEK

● Mrs. Ashton G. Thornhill has been sworn in as Director of Women's Activities in the Office of Emergency Planning in the Executive Office of the President. As everyone knows, women are far more clever than men at planning emergencies.

● Nikita Khrushchev, chief necrologist of the Soviet Union, has announced to the world that the sarcoid remains of Josef Stalin have been removed from the Lenin-Stalin showcase in Moscow and deposited in the necropolis of lesser heroes under a wall of the Kremlin. Stalin, it turns out, was not all sweetness and light (a revelation that may cause a corpse in Hyde Park to roll over too), and Socialist Realism requires this discovery to be visited upon the yellow-eyed Georgian's ashes. 'Twere simple, were that all, but now commences the task of burning millions of books, rewriting thousands of texts, tearing down monuments, renaming streets and towns and schools and factories and—children?—and draping cloth with dialectically correct slogans over chiseled inscriptions now found counterrevolutionary, and painting out that withered form and tapioca face wherever it appears in the heroic canvases of the revolution. But what will be done about that Volga city where the Russians halted the Nazi advance and, quite possibly, decided the outcome of World War II? You know, the one Shostakovitch wrote that symphony about. What *is* its name? . . . Molotograd? . . . Khrushgrad? . . . Upgrad—Downgrad?

● Assistant Secretary of State G. Mennen Williams now commits us to see to it, or help see to it, or at least vote (at UN) for helping see to it, that "colonial rule" shall disappear from Africa by 1970. Mr. Williams makes two proud boasts for the new commitment: a) it will "clear the air" and b) it will speed the pace of events in Africa. Plus he lays down the following fascinating distinction relating to Katanga: "Secession, not self-determination, is the issue." So there.

● Alfred Hitchcock, to the showers with you! Those screams in the night, cliff-top wrestling matches, close-ups of flashing knives, are passé, kid-stuff. If you want to dip into real horror these days the place to go is John Crosby's syndicated column. He's got the chills, man, on tap. Fact is, one scenario he crafted last summer scared *him* so badly he rushed to take out his card in the Brotherhood of "Better-Red-than-Deads." And now, in the goose-pimply department, he's serving up our military ogres, slavering at the jaw, every man jack of them, for the moment they can shake off the last civilian restraint, and rush for The Button. To John Crosby, once an amusing and often perceptive TV critic, a statement by the Air Force Association that "complete eradication of the Soviet system must be our national goal—our obligation to all free people," becomes an "arrogant, jingoistic and downright alarming recent utterance." General Walker's *resignation* from the army is (brace yourself, citizen Walker) "the most naked display to date of the growing power and arrogance of our generals and admirals." We guess it's true, what Crosby contended in the old days, that maximum exposure to the 21-inch screen would result in critical fallout.

● The Bank of Japan has concluded an agreement with a group of American banks under which Japan will borrow upwards of $200 million to tide her over a period of adverse international payments. Meanwhile, Secretary of State Dean Rusk told a high-level conference in Hakone, Japan, that Japan should increase her gifts and grants to other nations. Secretary of the Interior (and part-time ticket agent) Stewart Udall was climbing Mount Fuji at the time and was unavailable for comment. Presumably the view of reality was no clearer at the summit.

● On October 20 Mr. Harlan Cleveland, Assistant Secretary of State for International Organization Affairs, took issue with the "rising mood of national frustration" and talked himself into rather a flag-waving oration on the strength, rightness and eternity of the United States. On October 21 Mr. Roswell Gilpatric, Deputy Secretary of Defense, boasted of the awesome military power this country possesses, including "tens of thousands" of nuclear delivery vehicles, and promised immediate destruction of any and all aggressor nations. On October 22 Mr. Dean Rusk, Secretary of State, announced that the United States, that garrison nation, is "not dealing in the world these days from a position of weakness." Remember, a year or so ago, when Candidate Kennedy stumped the country, crying that we were "losing the space race" to the Russians? That our military posture was inadequate? That we were on the wrong side of a frightening "missile gap"? Ah, but let's not start turning the clock back. That was long ago, and in another country, and besides . . .

● The Voice of America plugged in 52 radio stations with 4,331,000 watts to tell the Communist Empire that the Russian Government has for several weeks been wickedly poisoning the atmosphere by nuclear

testing. Why this stunt, at this time? The answer is, most likely, you always win by telling the truth, which is a fib, and that if the Kremlin doesn't want the Russian people to know it then it's to our interest to tell them about it, which is a *non sequitur,* and, worst of all, that it is against the rules of the game to use your imagination—*e.g.,* by thinking forward to the moment, hopefully not far off, when we'll be poisoning the atmosphere ourselves, and will be explaining why it isn't wicked.

● In the first such action in many years, the Canadian Government, with the help of Canadian dollars borrowed from the Bank of Montreal, "bought" 187 million United States dollars. Its purpose was to keep Canada's currency at a slight (3 per cent) discount, which would encourage foreigners to buy Canadian produce and discourage Canadians from buying foreign produce. Canada is not unfamiliar with the fiscal approach to industrial problems (see Mr. Coxe's article on page 333 of this issue); to the extent that this approach merely transfers losses from the books of industry to the budget of the government, one would hope that such familiarity might breed, in due course, contempt.

Thank You, Mr. Susskind

As Americans, we never seem to learn. We always wait until someone smacks us in the teeth before we strike back. Then we really give it to them. Will we never understand how to use our force as an instrument of foreign policy? —CLARE BOOTHE LUCE on "Open End"

Dear Clare:

I guess I had you wrong;
The tune you're singing now's *our* song,
So here's a bubbly billet-doux
From all of me to all of you.

Quite frankly, Clare, I went on strike
When you and Henry both "liked Ike."
Whatever made you do it, dear?
How could you both electioneer
For Eisenhower's "modern" craft?
What made you scuttle Robert Taft?

Thank God that's over. Let's rejoice
Upon your rediscovered choice.
If this were on The Fourth, I'd say
Some virile verse to mark the day.
On Hallowe'en, I'd rendezvous
Upon a broom, to be with you.
On New Year's Eve, I'd buy you booze;
For Christmas, any gift you'd choose,
But since you're my *Thanksgiving* thrill,
Why . . . Gobble-Gobble!

Fondly, Bill
(W. H. von Dreele)

Out: Not With a Whimper but a Bang

To turn in now and try to make a martyr out of General Edwin A. Walker would be both foolish and wrong.

Foolish, because what we American conservatives, we tough anti-Communists, need these days in America is not martyrs but heroes; not dead warriors to provide us slogans and battle-cries, but live warriors to provide us leadership and strategy. Foolish again, because to make a martyr out of General Walker would be to exaggerate the power and resourcefulness of the enemy, which never pays; to obscure the real issue at stake, which will confuse our counsels; to opt for the weeds of the widow rather than the plumes of the champion, which is unmanly.

Wrong, because to try to make a martyr out of General Walker is to distort the facts—about his character and quality as a man, about the lesson he sought, on his way out of the door, to teach his "superiors" and the nation they misrepresent. General Walker was *not* forced out of the Army; his decision to *get* out, to resign without "emoluments and benefits" but free to "carry his case to the country," is an act of personal courage and responsibility and patriotism whose significance will be lost upon us if we pretend that he was left no choice in the matter, or that he did not carefully weigh the alternatives. He is *not,* finally—take the word for it of a NATIONAL REVIEW editor who watched him in action in Korea—made of the stuff martyrs are made of. General Walker is hero-stuff or nothing, and he is a poor knower of human materials who mistakes him for anything else. Let us, then, not be dropping flowers on his grave, which has yet to be dug, but rather preparing ourselves to fight at his side when, at a time and place of his own choosing, he next joins battle with the enemy. And let us, meantime, see to it first that the issue he has drawn, an issue of which he is not necessarily the best formulator, shall not be obscured, and that proper attention be given to those parts of his statement that bear not upon his resignation, which is now water over the dam, but upon the nature of our Communist enemy, and the reasons for our failure-to-date to cope with it.

Let us state the basic issue as, we believe, it ought to be stated. It has to do neither with "civilian supremacy over the military"; nor with the "muzzling" of military personnel; nor, in General Walker's not-altogether-happy phrase, with the power of "little men" in the higher ranks of the Army and the Department of Defense to impose a political line and "punish" those who challenge it. We must not be caught invoking, in the Walker case or any other,

From the Statement of Major General Edwin A. Walker

Our objective is not peace, but freedom. If we are vigilant and strong and willing and worthy to defend our liberty, peace will be at home with us. If the Soviet leaders are made to understand that we will fight, there will be no need to fight.

No people has ever voted in a free election to accept Communism as a way of life.

There can be no coexistence on the battlefield.

I watched the enemy [in Korea] increase the fury of his assaults. I decided to go to Korea, knowing that the *censorship of victory was the pervading mood*. There was the challenge. Possibly the war could be won within the limitations imposed upon the military. I was determined to help. I led my men and fought them to their greatest capacity. Out of their sight, I wept over their predicament.

We have yet to agree among ourselves, and with our Allies, to reach a simple definition—Communism is the enemy.

Nations that have fundamentally anti-Communist governments too often feel our wrath, directed by those who somehow have managed to rise to such positions of power in our Government as to be able to claim the right to speak for us. I say this with sorrow, but I say it with conviction.

[The soldier] needs to understand, as does every citizen, that we have long ago crossed the beaches and the water's edge and that we are in a death struggle now, on the high seas, in the air, on the land, in outer space, and in every local community.

The people, the truly militant voice in a republic, can and will be heard. Once unleashed—I have faith that from their fury constitutional power will prevail, dedicating this nation and its sons in uniform to the will and power of the people for freedom and justice under the sun.

"principles" that we should be the first to repudiate if the general in question were soft on Communism, if the literature he had wished to circulate to his troops were pro-Soviet literature, and if he were an advocate of appeasement.

The issue is a) whether the *goals* that "civilian supremacy" should embody, that censorship of military utterances should protect, that the "little men" (little, for the most part, they will always be) should impose, are going to be the goals of a General Walker, or their opposite; and b) *whether, in any case,* the "little men" should ever be permitted to go into vindictive action on matters about which reasonable men continue to disagree on, say, the floor of the United States Senate.

That, clearly, is an issue that must be carried far beyond the "little men," far beyond even the little men's immediate superiors, to the Commander-in-Chief himself. It is he who must be presumed to be the regulator of the goals that, as the Walker case clearly shows, hold sway at the Pentagon, and that, as they turned General Walker's stomach, must turn the stomachs of all patriotic Americans.

Forget the Alamo

President Kennedy led the professional Democratic politicians in hailing the victory of Henry B. Gonzalez in San Antonio's November 4 congressional by-election. The left wing of both parties sighed with relief at the defeat of a declared anti-Communist and "Goldwater conservative." Conservatives were disappointed that John W. Goode Jr. was not able to follow up John Tower's spectacular senatorial triumph, and make it a clean sweep this year in Texas. We rather think that the Democratic cheering, left-wing relief and conservative sorrow, all three, need qualifying by the facts.

Mr. Goode is an able, personable man. His local supporters worked hard. The national organization backed him, and ex-President Eisenhower came to town to speak on his behalf. Goode lost, nevertheless —receiving 43.8 per cent of the vote, against 54.4 per cent for Mr. Gonzalez, with a sprinkling for minor candidates. This means that conservatives will do well to shed any illusion that a popular majority lies waiting in every corner of the land for the magical summons of an uncompromising conservative trumpet.

But conservatives and hard anti-Communists—open, straight-talking conservatives—also can win these days, and they proved it at the polls last November, in Texas itself in May, and in Newburgh, N.Y. last week.

This San Antonio (Bexar County) by-election took place because Rep. Paul Kilday had resigned to become a judge. Now Mr. Kilday is of course a Democrat. It is scarcely a startling reversal that a Democrat, in a congressional district, succeeds a Democrat. All Mr. Kilday's predecessors but one back to the 1870's have been Democrats, and Mr. Kilday himself was elected twelve times running, beginning in 1938. The last time a Republican candidate ran against Mr. Kilday was in 1948, and he got 24.8 per cent of the votes—as against Goode's 43.8 per cent. From then until this year the Republicans hadn't even bothered to nominate an opponent.

In these years the district lined up very differently

for President than it did for member of Congress—and such divergence is common in all parts of the country. In 1948, when the Republican congressional candidate got his 24.8 per cent, the Republican Presidential candidate (Dewey) got 40 per cent. In 1952 and 1956 Mr. Eisenhower actually carried the district. Mr. Nixon in 1960 dropped to 45.6 per cent. Applying the 1948 ratio to last year's Presidential return in the district gives a presumptive vote of only 28.3 per cent for a Republican congressional candidate, if there had been one.

This makes Goode's 43.8 per cent showing look not so bad. Other, non-statistical factors make it, in sum, rather impressive. Goode had never before been very active in politics at any level. In this district there are a great many Mexicans and some Negroes—one-third or more of the voters. Gonzalez is of Mexican parentage. He campaigned on the demagogic handout platform that has proved its potency with these groups. An underlying racist appeal of the Gonzalez campaign was crudely laid on the line when Vice President Johnson, brought in as heavy artillery two days before the election, declared: "The eyes of the world are on San Antonio to see if men of Latin American descent can get elected." (Mr. Johnson added that the President intended to send Gonzalez overseas as his representative.) And something really new for U.S. politics was added when there showed up in San Antonio, U.S.A., two citizens of Mexico as starred last-minute pitchmen for the Democratic Party's candidate for the U.S. Congress: the famous movie comedian Cantinflas (the Sinatra touch?), and Señor Rubin Marín y Kall, member of the Mexican Congress.

You've got to admit that there are *some* fronts on which Mr. Kennedy and his Vice President can play it rough.

While As for November 7

Few of the contests or outcomes were of national or lasting significance. The local elections were for the most part dominated by local issues or machines or personalities. There seemed to be no marked general trend, as between the two parties or between Liberal and conservative. In New York City a drab mayoralty campaign, featured by a milk drought, ended in a drab and customary Democratic victory. A rising young Democratic parallel to John Lindsay (Eugene H. Nickerson) surprised many by being elected County Executive of Nassau, while the upstate New York cities, led by Buffalo (after twelve Democratic years), swung back to the Republican column. And so it went, back and forth, over much of the nation.

But let us single out Newburgh, N.Y., where City

For the Record

Intimates of Gen. Lucius Clay say when he took the job as Pres. Kennedy's representative in Berlin he was told the Administration wanted Soviet "salami" tactics stopped. Since then, Clay's been undercut by State Department, the British and JFK (and Khrushchev) . . . . Crew members of East German barges engaged in intra-zonal traffic must have at least one member of immediate family under East German police surveillance. . . . Nation Française reports that G. Mennen Williams, while in Tunisia, said if OAS tried to take control in Algeria, U.S. troops (under UN flag) would aid de Gaulle to put down revolt. . . . The reason the U.S. has only been able to explode four minor underground nuclear tests thus far is that State Department sold both Ike and JFK on proposition that even standby nuclear test preparations would be "misunderstood by Soviet Union." . . . State Department censors have even, in recent weeks, blue-pencilled references in Agriculture Dept. literature to Soviet agricultural failings.

GOP in Hawaii suffering from foot-in-mouthitis: The Lt. Gov. and the acting mayor of Honolulu, both Republicans, recently praised Henry B. Epstein, boss of the United Public Workers Union and—it transpires—a repeat Fifth Amendment taker. . . . Democratic Party in Oregon more-than-somewhat unhappy over hints that former Rep. Charles Porter would like to run for Congress again next year. Porter was one of earliest and most tenacious Castro supporters. . . . Last item in June issue of International Musicians (organ of the American Federation of Musicians), under "disbursements," reads: "Donations to inauguration committee and other expenses in connection with President Kennedy's inauguration —$30,299." . . . The active and effective Intercollegiate Society of Individualists, organized some years ago by Frank Chodorov to encourage conservative thought on the campuses, now has a West Coast office (1436 El Camino Real, Menlo Park, Cal.) and director, David Lombard.

Historical footnote: General of the Army Douglas MacArthur has never set foot in the Pentagon.

Manager Joseph McD. Mitchell, author of the Newburgh Plan for bringing reason to welfare, had declared that he would resign if Republicans William E. Doulin and William McIntyre, two of his strong supporters on the City Council, were not returned to office. They were, running well against a Democratic county trend.

And New Jersey, where Democrat Richard J. Hughes surprised most people except President Kennedy by beating James P. Mitchell, Larson-Liberal and union-suitor Secretary of Labor in ex-President Eisenhower's Cabinet. It went to show that Mr. Kennedy—who at the last minute changed his mind, and journeyed to New Jersey to give a pat to Hughes—still has an eye for betting on a winner; and that there is something to the old saying that "the Eisenhower jacket has no coat-tails."

Memo to the U. of Pittsburgh

Recent issues of the *Pittsburgh Press* (October 3) and the *New Republic* (October 23) make references, inaccurate, to NATIONAL REVIEW's Editor Frank Meyer in connection with the passionate controversy over Professor Robert G. Colodny, member of the History Department of the University of Pittsburgh. The question has to do with whether Professor Colodny is a Communist.

He most certainly is nothing of the sort, and never was, Professor Colodny has said heatedly, and the *Pittsburgh Press* and the *New Republic* are thoroughly persuaded of his innocence—as is the University of Pittsburgh, whose chancellor, Edward H. Litchfield, has, after reviewing an investigation of Dr. Colodny by three eminent persons, formally announced that Dr. Colodny is not and never has been a Communist.

It is admitted that Mr. Colodny fought in the Spanish Civil War as a member of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade, and it is of course known, even to the history departments of our major universities, that the Abraham Lincoln Brigade was recruited and led by Soviet agents. (Earl Browder, then chief of the Communist Party, estimated that 60 per cent of its men were outright Communist Party members.) Nor is it disputed that after Dr. Colodny's return to this country, he joined the Joint Anti-Fascist Refugee Committee, the American Peace Crusade, the American-Russian Institute, the American Veterans for Peace, the Spanish Refugee Committee, and the American Student Union. All these organizations were Communist fronts, and have been listed by the Attorney General as subversive.

Nor is it disputed that Dr. Colodny is a member of the Fair Play for Cuba Committee, a key Communist front of the present period.

A year or so ago, William Gill of the *Pittsburgh Press* described Dr. Colodny's twenty-five-year record of joining Communist-front organizations, in raising the question whether it is just possible that Dr. Colodny joins Communist fronts because he is a Communist. Mr. Litchfield, when public interest in the issue persisted, commissioned a committee of investigation with the responsibility of looking into the matter—and the Commission came through with a clean bill of health for the professor last June 14. Mr. Colodny has in the past knowingly associated with Communists or Communist-front organizations, the Committee said, solely in order to promote causes in which he believed deeply, specifically the fight against fascism, and the establishment of a world peace.

The *Pittsburgh Press*, covering a recent speech by Mr. Frank Meyer, reported him as stating that he had known Dr. Colodny well "when they were once both associated with Communist fronts in Chicago in the late 1930's." The *New Republic's* October 23 article concludes with the sentence: "And when an editor of the NATIONAL REVIEW came to Pittsburgh several weeks ago and said he knew Colodny in Chicago Communist-front groups in the thirties, nobody got very excited."

Neither of these reports is accurate. Mr. Meyer

has given us a direct quotation, as follows: "The origin of the *New Republic's* statement is as follows: When I spoke at the University of Pittsburgh last month, I was asked by a reporter for the *Pittsburgh Press* about Dr. Robert Colodny. I replied that when I was in the leadership of the Illinois-Indiana district of the Communist Party in the late thirties, I had known Robert Colodny, then just returned wounded from the Spanish Civil War, as an organized and disciplined Communist. In view of the fact that Dr. Colodny has recently been accused of being pro-Communist in connection with the Fair Play for Cuba Committee and other activities and in the course of investigation has denied this fact of his earlier record, with resultant clearance by the University of Pittsburgh, it seemed to me a legitimate question on the part of the reporter, deserving a factual reply."

This information is offered in the event the University of Pittsburgh is genuinely interested in whether Mr. Colodny was, or is, a Communist.

World Law and Order

In our last issue (November 4, p. 294) we printed an eyewitness account of UN actions in Elisabethville during the mid-September "little war." We here present a report, also by an eyewitness, of the UN's August 27/28 "Operation Roundup," which prepared the September assault. This report was written by a (non-Communist) Pole, Jerzy F. Szymanski, at that time in Elisabethville, to the London Polish-language weekly, Wiadomosci. *Although the American press continues to cover these and the subsequent Congolese events with a mantle of silence, we believe it useful for Americans to be able to relate the talk at UN's East River headquarters to UN actions in the field.*

On August 26 the population and the government of Katanga still believed the solemn assurances of the Chief Representative of the ONUC (United Nations Organization in the Congo), Mr. Conor Cruise O'Brien, to the effect that under no circumstances would he use violence to enforce a political solution, and that the sole purpose of UN troop movements was to secure the peace between Katanga and Congo.

The night of August 27/28 brought the first jolt. In the dead of night platoons and companies of UN troops simultaneously left their encampments to launch a large-scale roundup modeled on the best Gestapo and NKVD traditions. The objective: to seize, if possible, all Belgian and other European officers asleep in their billets and homes. These officers were dragged from their beds, some were handcuffed, even though they had offered no resistance. They were not even permitted to take their toothbrushes. Everything at hand was wildly destroyed. The following morning, the wives and children who came

NO MAN IS AN ISLAND CLUB
(ALL APPLICANTS WELCOME TO MEMBERSHIP, PARTICULARLY THOSE WITH CLOSED MINDS AND A DEFINITE IDEOLOGICAL PIGMENTATION)
IT'S ONE WORLD FRIENDS

"There's nothing upside-down about the idea that our national interests should be determined by World Opinion, any more than the idea that Up might be Down and Down might be Up. To prove this point, I will now stand on my head!"

to UN headquarters to leave indispensable clothing and personal belongings for their husbands and fathers and to get some information about their fate, were thrown out.

O'Brien's units—representing democratic, anti-imperialist nations—were now introducing the "new order."

The religious Irish were assigned the perfectly appropriate task of assaulting the large Catholic College of the Salesian Fathers. The imposing wrought-iron gates flanking the magnificent church of modern architectural design were knocked down with bulldozers. The beautiful and elaborate flower beds and well-kept lawns were trampled and ruined; the doors and windows of the students' dormitories were broken: during the school vacation they had occasionally been used as officers' billets. The results of this action were magnificent: the capture of three warrant officers serving as accountants.

The Swedish battalion included a company of recently commissioned second lieutenants on their first post-

graduation mission abroad: splendid boys 19 to 21 years of age, hailing mostly from good Swedish middle-class families. They were ordered to "unload" the headquarters of the Katanga army and to remove officers who were on night duty there. The Negro armed guards outside the buildings were felled with rifle shots that demonstrated superior marksmanship, and a few white officers were seized. Then the Swedes really got busy.

The following morning, walking through back gardens and yards, I reached the Katanga headquarters buildings and looked through smashed windows into rooms on the ground floor. The Swedes had worked methodically and thoroughly as befits officers of a civilized nation. In the middle of every room visited by them there was a sizable heap of what used to be furniture and office equipment, now smashed and broken into small unusable fragments: typewriters, radio sets, telephones, chairs and desks met the same fate. Maps, pictures and even wal' ɔaper were all torn into strips. A few fragments let me recognize familiar faces: Tshombe, King Baudouin and Queen Fabiola.

The villas inhabited by officers with families were the targets for the Gurkha troops. They rolled up in their big, heavy trucks, but unlike their European comrades-in-arms did not smash a thing. They announced their orders and then with typically Hindu patience waited for the Katanga officers to pack up and take leave of their horrified wives and children. However, the places invaded by the Gurkhas were recognizable from afar by a foul stench: for some time, the entire battalion had been suffering from diarrhea, and in Gurkha formations only the officers use toilets.

The following day O'Brien made a statement. He had, he said, nothing but a deep personal respect for the Belgian and other European officers. The UN forces had not arrested a single white officer. They were merely being taken to assembly points in order to be repatriated to Belgium in accordance with the February 1961 resolutions of the UN Security Council.

Notes and Asides

NATIONAL REVIEW is six years old this week, but you would think we had begun celebrating our birthday in March—because it was along about March that our circulation started to rise at a, well, most unconservative rate. Figures? Then it was thirty-five thousand. Now it is *over fifty thousand.* What is more, a poll reveals each issue is read by an average of 3.3 people. We know, it goes against the grain of conservatives to speak about a third of a person: so let's instead say that every three copies of NATIONAL REVIEW are read by ten people. That means one hundred and fifty thousand people are reading *NR* every fortnight. Along with the editors of *America,* whose circulation appears to be comparatively static, we view the relative rise in our circulation as providential. We do not know where we are headed, but having now outdistanced every secular journal of opinion in America, we can only hope that there will prove to be a true correspondence between the trends in readership of the journals of opinion and the trend of political events in the United States. Meanwhile, we salute the readers of NATIONAL REVIEW, give thanks for their devoted patronage, and pledge our devoted attention to their needs, and the nation's.

George Lincoln Rockwell, the noisy stormtrooper-type who along with his dozen or so fellow neurotics is out to nazify this country, gained a little public notice recently by sending out a bulletin announcing that he has acquired a "block of stock" in NATIONAL REVIEW, which he intends to use as a lever by which to force a change in the policies of this magazine. The "block of stock" in question is an eight dollar ($8) debenture which a fellow crackpot turned over to Rockwell. That debenture and the accompanying one-share stock certificate represent approximately 0.002 per cent of the capitalization of this company; and the class of stock in question carries no voting rights. Mr. Rockwell might as well announce he is going to take over the editorial policy of Time, Inc., by plunking down fifty dollars for one share of its common stock. So much for the threat to NATIONAL REVIEW.

Mr. Rockwell's bulletin also announces that he used to work for NATIONAL REVIEW. Here are the facts. In the spring of 1956, Rockwell, whom we had never seen or heard of before, came to our offices with an idea which seemed sound for promoting the magazine on college campuses. He announced himself as a conservative and anti-Communist, formerly the publisher of a semi-official government magazine especially produced for the families of Navy men; an ex-Lieutenant Commander in the Navy, and a jet flyer. We told him to go ahead on a try-out basis. During the next six months, he never got around to instituting the program he had described. We asked him to return the advance we had given him, which he did, most promptly, and amiably. During that period he was in the offices of NATIONAL REVIEW two times. Needless to say, he did not reveal, on those two occasions, his festering malady. It was not until two years later that he all of a sudden appeared as Fuehrer-designate for the entire United States.

He has twice communicated with NATIONAL REVIEW since receiving his afflatus, on one occasion to inform its editor that on taking power, he, regretfully, will have to hang him on the Capitol steps. The editor replied, expressing himself as equally regretful that circumstances will require Commander Rockwell to hang him, and offering to help to locate a good psychoanalyst for the Commander. Who then replied in a one-word letter.

And that is the last we heard from Commander Rockwell.

The Third World War

Toward the Atlantic Common Market

JAMES BURNHAM

A couple of weeks ago *Punch* had a cartoon showing a conference table around which were seven chairs labeled, respectively, with the names of the six Common Market nations plus Britain. The six were occupied by the appropriate heads of government. The British chair was pushed back, and Prime Minister Macmillan was about to leave. The chairman (Signor Fanfari, since the Common Market rests juridically on the Treaty of Rome) was saying to him: "Don't bother to ring. *We'll* call *you*."

Burnham

The symbolism is exact. Britain, having declined to join the Common Market as a charter member, is now compelled to submit her application, hat in hand, and await the decision of the Board of Directors.

In 1957, when the Treaty of Rome was signed, Britain could still believe that her special relation to the Commonwealth was worth more than her mutual relations with Europe. Britain's wage level was more than double the Continent's. Many of her industries were accustomed to manufacture for world-wide markets, and the sterling area was still impressively large. Englishmen, who had never had it so good at home, felt no burning need to risk the uncharted Continental voyage.

The British, like nearly everyone else, mightily underestimated the dynamism of the Common Market, even on the restricted six-nation spatial scale and the cautious ten-year time schedule. There has never been so big and fast an economic leap forward. It is mirrored as obviously in bounding statistics as in autologged highways and resorts jammed not with foreign visitors but Europe's own masses.

The European economy is being almost magically transformed. Workers by the hundreds of thousands, technicians, managers, capital funds, as well as power grids and pipelines, flow back and forth across the fading borders. Currencies are so easily convertible that often you don't bother converting them. Small shops producing for protected local markets are metamorphosed into great automated plants pouring commodities into the integrating 175 million consumers, and beyond to the world at large. Some of these commodities are the best being made anywhere.

So Britain has got to get in before she is cut a together out, and finds herself drifting in an economic backwater. (She has already paid a price, and will have to pay a good deal more, for her years of hesitation on the brink.)

From Shore to Shore

But why Britain only? The "logic" of the Common Market, granted present world technology, economics and politics, extends to all of the relatively advanced nations, not only of Europe but of the Americas and even of the other continents. The common economic need and promise, the common defense against the Communist sector (and *its* Common Market), and the common problems posed by the underdeveloped areas, alike call for: an *Atlantic Common Market*. Nor would there be any great technical or administrative difficulty in creating it. The Atlantic Common Market would come into being through agreement among Britain, Canada, the United States, and the Six, along the general lines already marked out by any nation ready, and economically able, to accept its conditions.

The issues are forcefully presented in the remarkable report prepared by a staff under former Secretary of State Christian Herter and former Under Secretary Will Clayton for the Joint Congressional Economic Committee. This document is at a far remove from starry-eyed one-worldism. In blunt prose it gives the score on the Cold War; the world lineup; the effects of modern technology, economic interdependence, and population eruption. It shows why separation between our own continental common market and the newly integrating European economy must lead to constant friction, to a weakening of the anti-Communist front in the Cold War, to failures in dealing with what the report aptly calls "the contested nations," and to the erosion of our own economic and fiscal strength.

"We believe," the report declares on the evidence, "that the United States must form a trade partnership with the European Common Market and take the leadership in further expanding a free world economic community." The language here does not quite spell out what is meant: "The United States must now take the leadership in creating the Atlantic Common Market."

Fork in the Road Ahead

The report's realism continues to its final sentence: "We are fully conscious of the domestic American difficulties inherent in the policy we recommend. . . ." These spring from the same social sources here as in Britain: from the Communists, who seek to prevent what would be so massive an obstacle to the world aims of their enterprise; from lazy businessmen, farmers and trade union officials who want the warm protection of tariffs, quotas and subsidies to shelter them against the rigors of competition; from puzzled citizens who do not yet see that the concrete reality of the Atlantic Common Market has nothing to do with the empty abstractions of old-type globalism.

So a great debate is ahead, or should be. With our international trade and fiscal troubles coming rapidly to a boil, we shall have to start moving soon along one of the two conceivable paths: toward multiplying protectionism, isolation and attempted autarchy, with all the economic and political sclerosis that these invariably bring; or toward the rough but vigorous and promising waters of an expanding economic freedom.

Was Coyne Right?

What lay behind the dramatic firing of the Governor of the Bank of Canada? How will it affect Canada's next general election?

DONALD COXE

Two months have passed since James E. Coyne resigned as Governor of the Bank of Canada. Recent Gallup Polls confirm what most observers predicted: this remarkable affair has dealt the Tories a serious blow. The spectac'e of the head of the central bank waging open war against the Minister of Finance in a sometimes-lofty, sometimes-vulgar display must have made Canada look to some foreign observers as if she were a "new nation." From the haze of argument certain vital issues of Canadian-American relations emerge.

Coyne, Governor since 1954, is a brilliant ex-lawyer who embarked a year ago on a series of provocative speeches whose main theme was foreign domination of Canada.

His thesis was that foreign investment was hurting Canada's growth. Since the large majority of foreign investment in Canada since the war has been American, his remarks were particularly aimed at the United States. He pointed to direct American investment of $2.5 billion in 1950, as against $10 billion in 1959. Since Gross National Product had only increased 50 per cent in that period, American investment was growing six times as fast as GNP.

He struck a responsive chord when he pointed to the 86 per cent ownership of Canadian oil and natural gas by Americans. Many Canadians, particularly R. A. Brown of Home Oil, a large Canadian independent producer, complained that this concentration of power in the hands of the big international oil companies perpetuated importation of foreign oil, while huge developed Canadian reserves lay fallow. This view was buttressed by a widely-quoted statement made by the President of Standard Oil (New Jersey), whose subsidiary, Imperial Oil, is Canada's largest oil company, to the effect that all foreign subsidiaries were operated for the benefit of the parent company. While Canadians hardly expected a Jersey Standard Point Four program, this remark was interpreted to mean that Canadian oil was being kept in the ground while as much as possible was taken from troubled areas of the world before local governments expropriated it.

Coyne also came out with the surprising view that American investment indirectly contributed to heavy unemployment in Canada. Even the Yankee-baiting socialists had never thought of that one, but the assertion is not as foolish as it sounds.

He recognized the damaging effects inflation had on the Canadian economy, and therefore strove to combat it by the usual central bank method—tightening the money supply. The quickest way to drain off funds from the banking system is to sell off large central bank holdings of Government bonds on the open market. When accompanied by a raising of the Bank rate, a fairly effective restraint can be placed on inflationary forces.

Dollars Pour In

An indulgent uncle can frustrate parental discipline of a profligate child by making up any reductions in the child's allowance. Uncle Sam did just that: benighted American policies had repercussions beyond American borders, and torrents of American dollars came in to buy Canadian bonds, taking advantage of Coyne's efforts to choke off heavy Canadian spending. If the U.S. Government had shown any concern over the ravages of inflation and the resultant gold haemophilia, the problem would never have arisen. Interest rates were being kept low in the U.S., due to an outmoded law restricting the rate the Federal Government could charge on its long-term bonds, and to a charismatic belief that the dollar was so strong that nothing could hurt it.

With this relationship in mind, it is easy to see that large infusions of American capital into Canadian bonds would upset the Bank of Canada's careful plans. There are two principal ways this operated. First, millions of dollars went into short term Canadian Government bonds because the returns were considerably higher than in the U.S. Historically, American securities yield about ¾ per cent less than their Canadian counterparts. When Coyne raised the differential to fight inflation, he attracted "hot money," so that the short-term market could never become as tight as Coyne wanted.

Secondly, Canadian corporations and municipalities took advantage of lower rates to place huge amounts of bonds in New York. Since the aim of tight money is to choke off borrowing because of its high cost, Coyne was rather in the position of Walter Ulbricht: as long as freedom was available so conveniently, internal "discipline" could never be effective.

As long as Canadians continued to stock up with money at the Wall Street discount houses, inflationary controls within Canada seemed to mean only that the amount of Canadian dollars paid to American investors as interest increased. Coyne pointed dourly to $450 million annual interest and dividend payments going to the U.S.; "Canada is living beyond its means!" he thundered.

The proof of this charge lay in the premium on the Canadian dollar. As *The Economist* remarked, this situation is without parallel in economic history. Canada consistently runs a thumping deficit in its trade with the U.S., ranging as high as $1 bil ion in 1956. Why then, when the Canadian dollar should have been selling at a substantial discount, did the premium climb as high as 5 per

cent? The answer, Coyne reiterated, was that Canadians were financing their high living by the sale of "invisibles"—sale of Canadian assets in the form of ownership of Canadian companies, and debt securities.

The influx of American capital did further damage to Canadian manufacturers and exporters by the dollar premium. Canadian industry is not the world's most efficient, but trade unionism is as advanced as it is in the northern U.S. Unions like the Steelworkers are unwilling to accept wages even on a productivity comparison basis with the U.S., let alone with European or Asian producers. The solution has always been tariffs, (if that can *ever* be called a solution). The result of the dollar premium was that part of the tariff wall guarding the small Canadian manufacturer from the colossi to the South was eroded away. Pulp and paper, biggest manufactured export, lost over $100 million annually because prices are quoted in U.S. dollars. In summary, then, imported goods became cheaper, exports suffered.

"Hewer of Wood"

Yet, even when Coyne had made this case against Canadian complacency, he was not finished. He alleged that American investment was helping to keep Canada in the position of a "hewer of wood and drawer of water," rather than allowing her to develop into a mature manufacturing nation. It has always irked Canadians that their trade with the U.S. has rather resembled the situation in the days of the thirteen Colonies: raw materials are sent to the Mother Country, where they are fabricated and sold to the producing country in finished form. Canada is by far the best customer the U.S. has for its manufactured goods, while mineral products and semi-finished goods form the bulk of American imports from Canada.

Coyne complained that American corporations rarely sold stock in their Canadian subsidiaries to Canadians, that their top executives were American, and, most important of all, that the policies of these subsidiaries may not reflect Canadian interests.

His complaint about the failure to sell stock in subsidiaries to Canadians was popular, but is certainly wrong. With limited amounts of Canadian capital available for investment, it would be a foolish concession to chauvinism to channel large amounts of these funds into minority interests in companies that can be adequately financed from the parent company.

However, many American subsidiaries behave unintelligently in regard to Canadian interests. Any Canadian businessman could cite examples, but one from the writer's experience will serve. The Canadian plant of a large American chemical company is barred from export trade, except with the West Indies. Due to three talented Canadian engineers, costs of production are considerably lower at the plant than at Head Office. This efficiency goes unrewarded as far as allowing the plant to compete abroad is concerned. Even with tariffs, it could compete in the U.S. market, let alone elsewhere, but no expansion of this character is permitted. No increase in employment can be expected at the Canadian plant, except for increased demand in its allocated market.

Coyne's case, then, was basically an attack on the inflationary implications of heavy American investment in Canada. He was fully aware that if all this money had not come in, there would have been reduced economic activity in Canada during the fifties, but he felt that a sound base could have been laid for the future if Canadians had not attempted the "great leap forward."

Unfortunately, Coyne's sound economic logic was mixed in with some highly colored propaganda designed to attract attention to his argument. The *Toronto Star*, Canada's answer to the *Washington Post*, leaped enthusiastically on to one of Coyne's remarks and said that unemployed workers should be paid as much as their working brethren. Before anyone rushes to convert his Canadian bonds into Cuban bonds, it should be pointed out that Coyne meant that if Canada lived within its means, it could afford to dispense such Utopian largesse.

Coyne was no advocate of wild spending, and was in firm agreement with the policies of the previous Liberal administration, who so transcended their label that the Dominion was retiring the national debt rapidly while they were in power. Coyne may be a Keynesian, but at least he is an honest one. He emphasized that the Government had to accumulate large surpluses in times of prosperity, running deficits only in recessionary periods.

Since only Coyne's more intemperate outbursts were ever reproduced in the press, they occasioned the usual hand-wringing editorials in the mealy-mouthed sectors of the American press that "our good friends north of the world's longest undefended border are being taken for granted."

There might have been no more than harmless flag-waving and sentimental maundering had Canada not lurched into a severe recession, with 11 per cent unemployment, the highest total since the thirties. Panaceas were demanded from John Diefenbaker, agrarian radical Prime Minister, who wears the mantle of Conservative as uncomfortably as Marilyn Monroe does that of intellectual. As author of the astounding 1957 upset in which the invincible Liberal armada went the way of King Philip's, "Dief" seemed secure behind the largest majority in Canadian history.

However, the worsening economic situation called for strong measures, and there could be no doubt about the form they would take. The siren song of cheap money was being sung by a veritable glee club of Cecil B. de millions in three-part harmony; all three of Canada's parties were now dominated by the dollar debase-

(Continued on p. 358)

No Communism in Mexico

Says the Government: There's no organized Communist Party in Mexico, no Communist threat. For all the world as if wishing could make it so.

PHILIP BURNHAM

> "What has the Government of Mexico done to counteract the activities of the Communists?"
>
> *El licenciado* Humberto Romero, personal representative of President López Mateos, replies with a single word: "Nothing. . . ."

This exchange, quoted from a front-page report September 14 in Mexico City's principal daily newspaper, *Excelsior*, took place during a visit by an important Mexican delegation to San Antonio to join in the greatest celebration ever held in Texas on the occasion of Mexico's Independence Day.

> "Nothing," adds the private secretary of the President of Mexico, "because there is no Communism in our country."
>
> He smiles: "Unless you take for Communism that group of 'snobs' who never get outside the de luxe restaurants of the capital, and spend all day discussing, on the one hand, Marx, and on the other, the proper way to carry an umbrella or wear a gabardine of the latest fashion."
>
> He becomes serious, and explains: "I am going to give you some figures. For a political party to get its constitutional registration, it has to number 70,000 members. In Mexico, no Communist Party exists, which shows that none counts the minimum number necessary to set it up. The student riots, which reflect the students' age more than their ideological analysis, and the disorders which a few passionate and idle partisans bring off, plus the unfortunately alarmist labors of American newspapers, have distorted the facts about what actually takes place in Mexico in regard to Communism. I repeat: it does not exist."

In a troubled world, this smiling message seems almost too good to be true. Indeed, the reasoning hardly tries to be convincing. Everybody knows it is not by a simple numerical system that Lenin or Stalin or Khrushchev—or history—counts the Communist forces. There may well be something absurd about rich Communist snobs, but it is not all jolly and comical to have the sons of rich and well-placed families—the freest in the city—defecting to Marxism-Leninism. Students assiduously practicing The Revolution in their universities may be playing a game, but one it may not always be easy to patronize.

Nevertheless, it does appear to be the official doctrine that Mexico is most peacefully untroubled by "Communism." The government, the quasi-official party, a host of useful citizens in commanding positions, constantly project the country as a unique phenomenon, proudly happy in its own exclusive tradition and revolution and constitution—even in its own historic miseries and anguishes. Mexico is described, over and over again, as progressing now with most enviable stability: balanced and mature in its political, economic and social evolution.

The Press Assists

The Press of the capital helps propagate the accepted viewpoint. There are a number of very imposing newspapers and periodicals published in Mexico City, such as the dailies *El Universal*, *Novedades*, *Excelsior*. They do not seem far apart, but *Excelsior* is probably the conservative leader of the group, in circulation, amplitude of resources and activities, and, probably, in competence. The left wing's rather deliberately bad boy weekly, *Siempre*, which makes itself a vehicle for Lombardo Toledano—while nevertheless also giving to the government residual, "after all," comfort, praise and support—calls *Excelsior* "the most distinguished organ of the Catholic *patronal* class, of private business, of the Catholic clergy itself, and, in sum, of the patriotic and patrioteering 'healthy forces' of the country."

It is interesting to see that this "healthy force" enthusiastically follows the line that there is no Communism in Mexico. This is its story in big print, as it were, backing with conspicuous loyalty the Administration and ruling *Partido Revolucionario Institucional*, and the present course of national development. At the same time, in small print, *Excelsior* shows itself acutely aware of Communists lurking in the home precincts. Its support of the Establishment and of the "received opinion" about things is wholesale. Not always, one could say, retail. It flourishes in a constant contradiction.

The Texas report about Humberto Romero's speech and press interview expressed solidarity and admiration . . . Poor United States!

> Robots in orbit, hurricanes, diplomatic swordplay between Western chancelleries and the Byzantine auction houses of the Kremlin, all that, certainly, fills the newsworld of Americans of our day with phantoms. Among them, the phantom of Communism in Mexico.

Excelsior and its peers have been officially happy for some time. The July elections for the national House of Representatives bucked them up. At that time *Excelsior* said:

> Another aspect of the recent elections which ought to be emphasized was the insignificant number of votes obtained by the *Partido Popular Socialista*, which as is well known, gathers together the Mexicans who tend toward Communism. . . . The sentiments of the Mexican people are contrary to the Communist idea. . . .
>
> Above all, the so-called Popular Socialist Party . . . Lombardo Toledano, agent of Moscow and Peking, took a resounding beating. It is confirmed, once again, that Mexicans, in their immense majority, repudiate Communism and its masquerade.

The PPS was credited with about 1.9 per cent of the 6,500,000 votes cast. Mexico's Independence Day, with

the fiestas and speeches that went with it, gave a natural occasion to re-emphasize the sanitary condition of the country's politics. The great press, with customary conformity, took the opportunity to express patriotic satisfaction. But with bland innocence, *Excelsior*, for example, on the Day of Independence (September 15) and during the whole festive week, kept printing a mass of material which must appear to a foreign reader at rather direct odds with the comfortable proclamation that Communism does not exist.

To "Proletarian Democrats"

On September 15, for instance, it ran an open letter, as a paid advertisement, by the "Proletarian Democratic Organizations of the Federal District, Free Workers of Mexico." The Free Workers addressed ten specific Mexican leaders: General Heriberto Jara, President of the World Council for Peace, Mexican Affiliate; General Lázaro Cárdenas, President of the Latin American Conference for Sovereignty, Economic Emancipation and Peace; the President of the Circle for Mexican Studies; Vicente Lombardo Toledano, President of the *Partido Popular Socialista;* David Alfaro Siqueiros, President of the Political Committee of the Communist Party of Mexico; Alberto Lumbreras, Secretary General of the Confederation of Mexican Workers and Farmers; Liberato Montenegro, President of the Federation of Mexican Youth; Narciso Bassols Batalla, President of the Russo-Mexican Cultural Institute; Professor Demetrio Vallejo, Leader of the Revolutionary Movement of University Masters; Manuel Marcue Pardiñas, Director of the magazine *Politica.*

> As the very significant members of the Communist world organizations which you are, and by reason of the notorious influence which you exercise upon the popular elements of Mexico that have adopted the Marxist ideology, we entreat you to deign to exercise your valuable influence with Señor Nikita Khrushchev, prime minister of the Soviet Union, to the purpose that his government may suspend, as soon as possible, the tests which it is carrying out with the most powerful nuclear bombs.
>
> There is no doubt that you and the numerous associations which you

> represent are perfectly identified with the high ranks of Soviet Communism, and Señor Khrushchev and the other chiefs of the USSR and its allied powers will listen to no one with so much good will as to you. . . .
>
> With all respect and earnestness, we urge you, gentlemen who direct the Communist thought of Mexico, to address messages to Señor Khrushchev strictly to the point, and to support an intense campaign of publicity, similar to those you are accustomed to develop most effectively for the expansion of Communism in Mexico and in the rest of America.

Excelsior is more nervous about Cuba than the conservative press of the United States. Every day it plays up news of sinister developments in Castro's regime, at home and abroad. For example, on September 14, a front-page report chronicled Castro's preparations to invade Nicaragua. The information was obtained by Nicaraguan authorities when an airplane flying from Mexico toward Caracas was forced by storms to land in Managua. A Castro agent who had boarded the plane in the Mexican capital was seized and persuaded to explain how some of the preparations were being advanced by the Cuban organization operating in Mexico.

The next day, *Excelsior* covered a lecture by the Cuban refugee, Doctor Francisco Ichaso, before the "Committee for the Exposure of the Objectives, Strategies and Tactics of Communism." Special stress was placed on domestic implications:

> But the principal thesis of Ichaso's conference was that Cuba is no exception, that any republic of our Continent can be communized in the same way. Wherever democracy lowers its defenses—he said—Communism opens the breach and introduces its threatening wedge.

A few days later, on September 19, in the editorial column next to a large cartoon celebrating Dag Hammarskjold, "Hero of Peace," *Excelsior* said this:

> However satisfactory home conditions may be, we believe, nevertheless, that the Authorities, for the welfare of Mexico, ought not close their eyes to reality, which is that a demagogic enterprise is stretching out its nets for the purpose of producing violent acts in our Republic, preparing for other, graver, acts which would permit the introduction of Castro-Communism in the lands of Mexico.

But in Mexico, Communism "does not exist"? Cuba is officially exercising auto-determination.

On September 15, and during the next few days when Mexico celebrated its Independence—and when Humberto Romero was speaking at San Antonio—a strange series of "seditions," or "outbreaks" occurred in the republic, principally in San Luis Potosí and Jáltipan, Veracruz. None of the disturbances, evidently, reached very imposing dimensions and they were all quickly snuffed out by local and state police, aided by the Army. The story came out slowly and murkily. On September 23, 29 of the persons arrested were formally charged with "conspiracy, inciting to rebellion, and the fabrication and storing of prohibited weapons." In addition, three of the more prominent were charged, as presumed intellectual instigators of the disturbances, with homicide (one person was killed), injuries, and damage to another's property.

The federal prosecutor did not set forth any political framework for the alleged crimes. It is, again, doubly contradictory that the conservative *Excelsior* did. The editors gave a rather remarkable summary of their views in connection with a long interview which Donato Miranda Fonseca, Secretary of "the Presidency of the Republic," gave to student leaders who called at the presidential office to condemn the seditions and to assure the government of their patriotic support. The lead editorial of September 23 begins:

> With serenity and energy, conscious of the far-reaching importance of his words because of the high functions he performs, *el licenciado* Donato Miranda Fonseca, Secretary of the Presidency of the Republic, emphasized categorically that the Mexican Revolution is in full maturity, that the institutions born of it have complete stability and that no work of agitation and demagogy can imperil the prevalence of our laws. . . .

The editorial ends:

> This is an indisputable truth, but those bad Mexicans who, for motives not confessed or for ideological fanaticism, try to subvert the social structure of our country and change its regime of democracy and liberty to the permanent dictatorship of Communist totalitarianism seem to ignore it or forget it.

On September 25, the editors are still more disturbed and explicit:

> General Celestino Gasco [apparently the leader of those accused of the disturbances] was the candidate launched by Vicente Lombardo Toledano to occupy the office of secretary general of the CTM [the great and official labor federation of the country] in opposition to Fidel Velazquez [who actually got the job, many years ago]. In San Luis Postosí reports say there are witnesses to the fact that the young Communists Humberto Vaquero and Jose Luis Sanchez were the ones who opened fire the night of the 15th upon the town hall. There exists, besides, in Mexico's red press, an ever more energetic and unjustified attack against the Government, and the repeated and open threat of a new revolution captained by the pro-Soviets.
>
> In addition to this, the nature of our institutions lays them open to penetration by Communist elements which take advantage of positions of power to plunge a traitorous dagger into our government and our democratic system.

This is energetic, but it does not sound altogether serene.

The Conservatives

Theoretic discussion of Communism is by no means lacking in the conservative columns of this paper, with often excellent analysis both of the character of Communism and of its strategy and tactics. There was a particularly sympathetic column by Alberto P. Monroy published September 14, entitled "Confusion, Political Arm of Communism."

> How difficult it often becomes to understand the political posture of democratic governments of some Latin American nations! . . .
>
> This becomes much more outlandish to the extent it is clear that it is the logical result of a permanent tactic of Communists and fellow travelers. . . .

It is evident that the conservatives of Mexico don't want to set up a new Revolution for the *Comunistas* and *Comunistoides*. It is not so obvious how effectively some of them work against the political confusion which they fear can prepare a country for its advent. Does it clear the air to support the thesis that "there is no Communism in our country," while so regularly dwelling upon its deplorable acts and ideas?

There is, of course, another breed of conservatives in Mexico. Their crude opposition to this established and official line about the absence of Communism is one of their principal distinguishing characteristics. Many of them belong to what may fairly be called the only party in opposition to the *Partido Revolucionario Institucional*. PAN, the *Partido Acción Nacional*, in the elections held in July "took second place, but with a surprisingly and unparalleled high percentage of over 11 per cent of the votes as an opposition party."

This is taken from the banally liberal *Hispano American Report*, published at Stanford University. The Report adds: "The PRI, following President López Mateos' 'extremist' warning at a Freedom of the Press Day dinner . . . criticized the PAN for extremist Catholic support that included the slogan of *'Cristianismo sí, Comunismo, no,'* which PAN denied using."

In Mexico the showing of political parties in elections does not reflect in any detail, nor at all clearly, the political trends and the more intimate and meaningful political associations of the people. The "Government Party," the PRI, is too big. It is legatee of the tough, violent, crooked and domineering ways of Calles and other *caudillos* of Revolution. The PRI appears to be in process of loosening and constitutionalizing its mode of existence, and this means not only that other parties may gradually have more chance to develop, but that groups within the party have greater freedom to follow a variety of lines.

Outside the party, on the Left, there is a regular Communist Party, although without, as we have heard, a national registration which would give it the recognition and amenities of a major political formation. But the actual proclaimed size of a particular Communist Party is not determined by facts but by the international party line for the time and area: by the extent to which it is pushing a united front or disciplining the cadre or one thing or another.

The *Partido Popular Socialista* also operates Left of the *Institucional*, on a larger scale. We have seen that its conservative fellow citizens consider it to be balefully Communist. But it almost certainly does not exert "Communist discipline" upon its ranks. It almost surely has the support of many who do not consider themselves Communists. It projects the atmosphere of "agrarian reform" (without any special reference to farms), or of the "heroes of the Sierra Maestre." *Excelsior* could hardly be disputed in its claim that the PPS "gathers together the Mexicans who tend toward Communism." Here on the Left, the PPS underplays the role of Communism in Mexico. In its own way it supports the official doctrine that Communism does not exist in Mexico.

The PRI itself, which took 86 per cent of the votes in the July elections, despite its enormous extension and the tremendous publicity it gets, is a rather mysterious political organization. ("How difficult it often becomes to understand the political posture of democratic governments of some Latin American nations!") It covers a terrific sweep of personalities and policies. Lázaro Cárdenas, labeled by so many critics and by so many of his own words and acts as—for practical purposes—a Communist, has never broken with the PRI which he once led. At the other end, there is, as noted, *Excelsior*. The most crucial political contests in Mexican history during the past thirty years must have taken place within the party. The stories have been hidden behind the closed ranks formed to prevent civil war, to win elections, and to retain hierarchical government positions. By reason of their own philosophy and ultimate expectations, some groups in the party seem to refuse to consider the PRI significantly to the Right of anything. For various reasons of pragmatic power politics, some groups in the party studiously want to recognize no enemy on the Left. So Communism does not exist.

From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

Italian Conservatives

According to a recent denunciatory article in an Italian radical paper, the United States has known three conservative writers: George Fitzhugh, Clinton Rossiter, and Ayn Rand. These are undemocratic exotics, and ought to be abolished in their native land.

Kirk

Such an extreme of ignorance possesses the excuse that American representatives in Italy have done almost nothing to give Italians any real knowledge of American politics. In several of the bigger USIA libraries, American conservatives or old-fashioned liberal writers are conspicuous by their almost total absence. Only one conservatively-inclined recent American book has been published in Italian translation: Dr. R. A. Nisbet's *The Quest for Community*. Since 1954 or 1955, one Italian writer tells me, the USIA libraries generally have not stocked any new conservative book by an American author—despite the appearance in America of a good many such—unless badgered and importuned by regular patrons of these libraries.

Isolated and Uninformed

This failure to present the traditional American arguments for ordered liberty is a contributory cause of the present intellectual ascendancy of Communists and Socialists in Italy. Italian conservatives—who do not form a coherent political body, but rather are diffused through the right wing of the Christian Democrats, the monarchist and lesser parliamentary parties—have been left isolated and uninformed, and the extensive literature of American conservatism has been made known to Italians only through occasional wild diatribes against it in the radical newspapers and magazines.

As matters are drifting in Italy, more and more informed people say, in perhaps two years there will exist a dictatorship of the Left, and then there will remain no chance for the restoring of sound political opinion. Only a sudden awakening, both intellectual and directly political, can arrest this progress toward the precipice.

But though we Americans remain our own worst apologists in Italy, the younger generation of Italian conservatives at last is demanding a hearing. One or two small publishing houses of a conservative bent have been founded: they intend to publish Senator Goldwater's *Conscience of a Conservative*, and probably your servant's *Conservative Mind*. Though the popular press belongs mostly to the Left, various weeklies, monthlies, and quarterlies have begun to print intelligently conservative essays: *Il Portico, Dialoghi, Il Mulino, Pagine Libere, Borghese*. In a long series of articles in the daily *Il Popolo d'Italia*, and elsewhere, a young citizen of Turín, Signor Mario Marcolla, has been discussing the ideas of Edmund Burke, John Adams, James Fitzjames Stephen, and other conservative thinkers; also he has become the chief—almost the only—Italian authority on the conservative movement in the United States. (He and a young architect claim to be the only Italians who preferred Nixon over Kennedy.)

And they are organizing. Not long ago I addressed a meeting of the leaders of the young conservatives of Turin. All are in their twenties or thirties; most of them are Catholics; they are sober and systematic. They are establishing links with similar organizations in a dozen Italian cities. Though they have no money behind them, and no help from any big political party, they are resolute. They reject any form of collectivism, whether Communist or Fascist or the "expanded welfare state." They know that they are doing a dangerous thing: for they contend against the grim current of collectivism, now running strongly in Italy, and they will be marked men and women if—as they think all too possible—a Marxist dictator comes to power soon. And we Americans ignore their very existence.

How High the Price?

If now we Americans begin to see our allies fall away, it is our own stupidity, ever since 1945, that is chiefly to blame. In Italy, we rejoiced in the destruction of the monarchy, at the collapse of the fascist state, to take over almost intact the whole fascist apparatus of meeting-halls, charitable institutions, and money-raising--including Mussolini's treasure of gold. We patronized the Left, who never really could be our friends, except that we drew the line at declared Communists: and we cold-shouldered the Right, lumping together as somehow "fascist" the most responsible elements opposed to the totalist state. And soon, unless the young Italian conservatives take a vigorous hand, we are to pay the price of our folly in the form of a neutralist Italy.

This perilous leftward movement in Italy today is by no means confined to the Communists and the Nenni Socialists. The radical element of the Christian Democratic Party gains at the expense of the moderate members. Though the late Don Luigi Sturzo was considered a firebrand in his early years, the average Catholic Action youth-leader nowadays is far more radical than Don Luigi ever became. The Republican deputies, despite their professed affection for free enterprise and private business, vote with the Left on many crucial matters, in part because they are anticlerical. But for that matter, Italian priests themselves, exposed for many years to leftist political indoctrination, are drifting docilely enough with the collectivist current. Aye, the world is governed by imagination, as Napoleon said: and in imagination, where Italy is concerned, we Americans have been Calibans, not Prosperos.

Identities

MATTHEW MEAD

I

Length and breadth of the head,
length of the little finger
length of the outstretched arms
from middle to middle finger end;
the porter cannot be sure
the deskclerk does not remember;
and Graebe:
'I well remember the girl
'slim and with black hair
'who, as she passed me,
'pointed to herself and said:
' "Twenty-three years old" '
and naked, entered the death-pit.
The convolutions of that ear
may not be repeated in history
and if man is the measure of all things
to what assizement shall we come?

Length and breadth of the right ear
length from the elbow
to the end of the middle finger;
each is unique in dimension.
Nevertheless after fifty faces
on the same street, after fifty noses
and a hundred eyes . . .
People, Proletariat, Volk—
an anthropometric norm.
Height, length of the trunk
length of the left foot.
The one promise worth making:
Immortality.

To resume from this dust the loved flesh
as from scorched clay the monsoon rains
wrench a brief tribute of green . . .
it is impossible; or that one should walk
from the grave telling of what may be;
or that essence be leached from these ashes . . .

An everest of skulls.
An oxford street of tibiae.
If these are the bones of my grandfather
Where is his beard and short temper?
Does he plough the field of heaven
And harvest the golden floor?

Where are the useful, clanking spectres?
Where are the ladies in brocaded gowns
Whose touch was the dawn wind?
He came at dawn in the clean air
In the clear light and our eyes
Fumbled at his face like blind men's fingers.
Length of the outstretched arms
From middle to middle finger end.
Skin-food, "indelible" kisses, mascara.
Body: metaphor for death.

II

"You must meet Julie, oolala"
—and then his hands describe in air
a form most likely to recur
with grace this side the last hurrah.

"You must meet Julie, oolala"
—such clicking of the teeth and tongue
ought properly to lead a young
Propertius to Cynthia.

Joan sleeps a little earth away;
Lucinda has three sons, a daughter.
Feeling for what was felt before
My hands rehearse their yesterday.

"You must meet Julie." And I must.
Julie forgive me each faux-pas.
I must meet Julie. Oolala.
So many other girls are dust.

(The two sections above are excerpted from a long poem, "Identities.")

Legal Libertine

L. BRENT BOZELL

Should the tide ever turn sufficiently for the friends of Western civilization to be in a position to write its history, it is a good guess that Oliver Wendell Holmes will take his place as one of the chief villains of the piece—the man, among Americans anyway, who was as responsible as any other for almost bringing the structure down. The single contribution of this strange little book by Francis Biddle is to remind us *why* this is so.

I say a strange book because there is no apparent reason why it was written—why Biddle, once Holmes' secretary, once Franklin Roosevelt's Attorney General, ever a dedicated partisan of Holmesian jurisprudence, imagined he would be advancing his hero's cause by several dozen pages a) repeating admiringly the Justice's most extravagant and vulgar attacks against Natural Law and the idea of eternal verities, and b) insisting that the wisdom contained in these aphorisms would have completely carried the day had it not been for the opposition of all Roman Catholics —concretely the Jesuit priests who teach at Catholic law schools! The manifest absurdity of suggesting that only "Catholics say that [general principles] come from God, and have a validity entirely independent of their human acceptance," and so disagree with Holmes that such principles "are derived from the consensus of the community" need not be commented on here beyond noting that Biddle's whole presentation rests on that assumption, and raising the question: What *strategy*, political or otherwise, could Biddle conceivably have had in mind in insisting on this silly lie?

Justice Holmes, Natural Law, and the Supreme Court, by Francis Biddle. Macmillan, $2.50

But back to Holmes, and what Biddle tells us, accurately enough, about his true significance. Conservatives are used to thinking of Holmes as an enemy, but more often than not for the wrong reasons. We may note roughly four attitudes, or positions, frequently attributed to Holmes that should not be.

He was not a Jacobin—either in taste or temperament, or in his views about the social and economic order. As Biddle puts it: "He was an aristocrat. . . He did not prefer . . . a world with a hundred million bores in it to one with ten." But more: "He had little sympathy with the sufferings and failures of mankind, and no urgent desire to change their lot. He . . . did not believe in the Christian precept to love thy neighbor as thyself, which was the test of the meddling missionary. . ."

Nor, as a judge, does he deserve his reputation as a partisan of social and economic reform. His famous dissents to the "liberty of contract" interpretation of the due process clause did not reflect any sympathy with the social legislation which that interpretation often overturned, but rather his view (quite correct in this reviewer's judgment) as to the freedom the Constitution allowed legislative bodies in the matters in question. He was not a civil liberties zealot. Holmes' fame in this area rests on his authorship of the "clear and present danger" test for free speech cases, but both his friends and foes often forget that Holmes used the test, except for his dissent in the *Adamson* case, to send leftist agitators to jail. Moreover, the formula on its face allowed far more leeway to government security measures than current statements of it would suggest: according to Holmes, it does not have to be shown that the *United States* is in clear and present danger —that the government is about to be overthrown — but only that some "substantive evil" is in imminent danger of occurring which Congress is constitutionally empowered to prevent.

He was not a "judicial legislator," as we have come to know the breed. He thought a lot of law-making would inevitably creep into judicial decisions, but this would not be his doing. "[The] Sherman law," Holmes once said, "is damned nonsense, but if my country wants to go to hell, I am here to help it." Moreover, he was usually willing to find the "community consensus" in its laws and Constitution, eschewing the latter-day practice, applauded by Biddle, of looking for it in—*e.g.*,—the "mood" of the community.

Nor was he a cynic, a believer in might makes right, as many have inferred from his definition of a "legal right." "Just so far as the aid of the public force is given a man," Holmes said, "he has a legal right, and this right is the same whether his claim is founded in righteousness or iniquity." But all this says is that a "right," in order to be a *legal* "right," must be enforceable; it does not deny that other rights might exist that are not legally enforceable, or that there are transcendent standards for determining whether a given legal right is "righteous" or "iniquitous." The fact that Holmes himself went on to deny both of these things does not detract from his contribution to methodological clarity in the matter.

HOW THEN account for Holmes being the idol of so many Liberals, the lion of the law schools for a generation? The answer is that he emancipated the law from metaphysics. By force of personality and trenchant, epigrammatic expression, Holmes provided

the most powerful sanction this country had yet produced for the philosophical libertinism that throbbed in the breast of every son of the Enlightenment and lacked only respectability in order to become the dominant view of the American intelligentsia. Holmes was an atheist, skeptic, relativist—and so: a thoroughgoing positivist. He waged unrelentingly his war against the Natural Law—the idea that objective standards of right and wrong exist independently of human preferences—in letters and in conversation, and also in the tone and *dicta* of his judicial opinions; and so successfully that Mr. Biddle now feels entitled to distinguish those who accept Holmes' doctrines from those who do not by referring to the former as "normal Americans."

LET US listen to Biddle's statement of the positivist creed, if for no other reason than to get before us the going standard of "normality." "Holmes' beliefs," he writes, "are neither radical—for our day and age—nor disturbing":

> the belief that men make their own laws; that these laws do not flow from some mysterious omnipresence in the sky . . . that since morality is human in its origin and its end, men should be permitted to discover what is for them desirable . . . that the justification for any rule of law is that it helps to bring about a desired social end; that law must follow the needs of man; that all doctrine must be adjusted to these needs . . . and finally that we cannot think beyond the reach in time of our own society, so that the claim of a special code to respect is not that it represents first principles but simply that it exists and is the one to which we have become accustomed.

"There can never be a reconciliation," Biddle adds, "between the dogmatic [read religious] mind and the free [read positivist] mind." He is right. The former makes freedom possible since it insists, within the dictates of the Natural Law, on the inviolability of freedom. The latter affords an open invitation to totalitarianism. "[The] suggestion that there is a higher lawgiving power than the State," as Biddle puts it, "is against everything that Holmes stood for." It is also against everything Moscow stands for, and much of Washington. This is why the West is at the lip of the cliff.

Fiction

Finally (Fashionably) Spurious

JOAN DIDION

WHEN I first came to New York during the fall of 1956, I went to a party on Bank Street which I remember with particular clarity for a number of reasons, not the least of them my surprise that no one present wished William Knowland were running for President. (I had only been in New York a few days, and the notion that Democrats might be people one met at parties had not yet violated what must have been, in retrospect, my almost impenetrable western innocence.) There were a couple of girls who "did something interesting" for *Mademoiselle* and there were several rather tweedy graduate students from Princeton, one of whom intimated that he had a direct wire to the *PMLA*, baby; there was, as well, a stunningly predictable Sarah Lawrence girl who tried to engage me in a discussion of J. D. Salinger's relationship to Zen. When I seemed unresponsive, she lapsed into language she thought I might comprehend: Salinger was, she declared, the single person in the world capable of *understanding her*.

Franny and Zooey, by J. D. Salinger. Little Brown, $4.00

Five years work certain subtle changes. I have become downright blasé about Democrats at parties; that particular Sarah Lawrence girl found that she could, after all, be understood well enough for everyday purposes by someone else, an electronics engineer; and nobody, not even on Bank Street, thinks much any more about Adlai Stevenson for President.

The idea that J. D. Salinger is a kind of middle-class American guru, however, has somehow resisted those gently abrasive sands. Among the reasonably literate young and young in heart, he is surely the most read and reread writer in America today, exerting a power over his readers which is in some ways extra-literary. Those readers expect him to teach them something, something that has nothing at all to do with fiction. Not only have his vague metaphysical hints been committed to rote by *New Yorker* readers from here to Dubuque, but his imaginary playmates, the Glass family, have achieved a kind of independent existence; I rather imagine that Salinger readers wish secretly that they could write letters to Franny and Zooey and their brother Buddy, and maybe even to Waker (who is a Jesuit and apparently less disturbed than his kin), much as people of less invincible urbanity write letters to the characters in *As the World Turns* and *The Brighter Day*.

What actually happens in *Franny and Zooey*, the two Glass family novelettes published this fall, is really nothing much. In "Franny," Franny Glass arrives at Princeton for a football weekend and is met by her date, strictly another of those boys with a direct wire to the *PMLA*, baby. He has frogs' legs for lunch and talks about Flaubert, all of which gets on Franny's nerves, especially because all she wants to do at the moment is say something called "The Jesus Prayer." ("The thing is," she explains, "the marvellous thing is, when you first start doing it, you don't even have to have *faith* in what you're doing . . . then eventually what happens, the prayer becomes self-active. Something *happens* after a while.")

When her date somehow fails to get the point about the Jesus Prayer, Franny faints. In "Zooey," which picks up the action the next morning, we find Franny laid up at home on East 79th Street with what her brother, a television actor named Zooey, calls "a tenth-rate nervous breakdown." She is tired of everybody's ego, not excepting her own. ("Just because I'm choosy about what I want—in this case, en*light*enment, or peace, instead of money or pres*tige* or *fame* or any of those things—doesn't mean I'm not as egotistical and self-seeking as everybody else.") Zooey eventually effects a cure of sorts by convincing Franny that everybody out there—no matter how given to

ego, to eating frogs' legs and "*name*-dropping in a terribly quiet, *casual* voice" and wanting "to *get* somewhere"—is "Christ himself. Christ himself, buddy." ("Don't you know that? Don't you know that goddam secret yet?")

To anyone who has ever felt overexposed to the world, to anyone who has ever harbored hatred in his or her heart toward droppers of names, writers of papers on Flaubert, toward eaters of frogs' legs, all of this has a certain seductive lure; there is a kind of lulling charm in being assured in that dazzling Salinger prose, that one's raw nerves, one's urban hangover, one's very horridness, is really not horridness at all but instead a kind of dark night of the soul; there is something very attractive about being told that one finds en*light*enment or *peace* by something as eminently within the realm of the possible as tolerance toward television writers and section men, that one can find the peace which passeth understanding simply by looking for Christ in one's date for the Yale game.

However brilliantly rendered (and it is), however hauntingly right in the rhythm of its dialogue (and it is), *Franny and Zooey* is finally spurious, and what makes it spurious is Salinger's tendency to flatter the essential triviality within each of his readers, his predilection for giving instructions for living. What gives the book its extremely potent appeal is precisely that it is self-help copy: it emerges finally as *Positive Thinking* for the upper middle classes, as *Double Your Energy and Live Without Fatigue* for Sarah Lawrence girls.

Conferencitis and World Chaos

HENRY HAZLITT

THE TARDINESS of this translation is an intellectual disgrace. For this book is by all odds the most important volume in existence devoted to the crucial postwar problems of international trade, investments, payments and currency. It originally appeared in German, under the title *Internationale Ordnung—Heute,* in Switzerland in 1945. A French translation, entitled *La Communauté Internationale,* was published in Geneva in 1947. The present English translation is apparently made from the second German edition. An "Epilogue" on "European Free Trade—The Great Divide" (a critical discussion of the Common Market) is reprinted from an article published in September 1958. A comparison with the 1947 French edition, however, shows that, with the exception of the two final chapters and some factual updating, the book is substantially what it was sixteen years ago. A final irony is that even the present English version (often stiff and unidiomatic) is published in Holland.

International Order and Economic Integration, by Wilhelm Roepke. Dordrecht, Holland: D. Reidel Publishing Co. $6.00

The theoretical analysis is first-rate. But this is not merely a book of theoretical analysis, and especially not merely of theoretical economic analysis; it is also a realistic survey of the broadest scope, taking in the whole political and moral setting. Beginning with a broad review of the international postwar crisis, and of the relation of a domestic economic system to international peace and order, it devotes separate chapters to Caesaro-Economy, The International Problem of Raw Materials and Colonies, The International Population Problem, The Decay of the World Economy. The Fear of

Competition, The Fear of an Adverse Balance of Payments, and the requirements of an International Monetary Order.

The central theme of Roepke's book is that a sound liberal economic system on the national level (liberal in the traditional nineteenth-century sense) is required to assure a working economic order on the international level; that unless individual nations maintain sound currency systems, free markets, free private enterprise, security for private property and private investments *at home,* there is no real prospect for freedom and order in *international* trade and investment. If nations internally follow policies of inflationism and collectivism, of "full employment," nationalization, "cheap money," planning, price-controls, an unlimited welfare state, then convertibility of currencies and stable international trade and private international investment become impossible.

And Roepke declares boldly what only a handful of economists today have either the courage to say or the clarity to recognize—that the full gold standard must be restored, because there is no real alternative; because it is the only standard consonant with a free economy, and "a far better one than the best international monetary organization can offer."

Instead of recognizing the necessity for free internal economic systems if true international economic cooperation is to be possible, the bureaucrats of the postwar world have been treating surface symptoms. Here are the prophetic words Roepke wrote sixteen years ago:

"Is it not starting to build a house with the roof if we subscribe to a falsely understood 'internationalism'? Should not the foundations come first? What can be expected from international conferences and conventions under such circumstances? Is it not the same old paper-rustling and claptrap that the world has grown sick of during the last two decades? Is there not a chance of international conferences and organizations only developing into new sources of dissension? . . . What can all the disarmament conferences avail —whether political, military, intellectual or economic—if everything else is unprepared for such disarmament? . . . It is no exaggeration to say that the era of decay of the world economy was at the same time the era of international economic conferences. . . . The practical results amount to nothing. . . . This conferencitis, with its inaction and illusions, its waste of time, money and talent is, however, more rampant than ever today."

So penetrating and clairvoyant are both the central thesis and the incidental comments in this book that this reviewer found himself tempted in turn to regard each chapter as the most important. The present temptation to constant quotation is almost irresistible. But I will yield only to quote a passage of far wider import than the more specialized subject matter of most of the book—a warning, now sixteen years old, that reads as if it had been written within the last two months to apply especially to the Berlin crisis:

"The terrible lessons which the two world wars have taught us confirm the very important fact that, as a rule, war will only break out if the aggressor considers that the risk involved is a slight one. Every disagreement among the peace-loving nations, every inclination to weakness . . . favors the outbreak of war. . . . Once more the world looks on at the repulsive and lying drama in which the totalitarian center of aggression in the world raises its own war potential to the maximum, and by means of an unscrupulous propaganda of hate, fear and ideology develops a condition of war-preparedness in the minds of its own population, while at the same time abusing as warmongers all those in the West who admonish resistance, and putting the whole machinery of its psychological warfare into operation in order to cripple resistance by a campaign for pacifism and in order to deceive simple souls with the fata morgana of neutralism. It has up to now succeeded to a disastrous degree.

"This experience brings us to the distressing conclusion that pacifism, merely as an attitude of mind which rejects war, is not only sterile but indeed dangerous to a tragic degree, since at the very moment when the danger is greatest it further increases that danger immeasurably by encouraging the attacker. . . . In the case of war of aggression. . . . [pacifism] not only fails but actually becomes one of the fatal links in the chain of causes which trigger off the war and possibly effect the triumph of the aggressor . . .

"The conclusion to be drawn from all this is that the chief task of war-prevention is to make it plain to every potential aggressor, beforehand and in a completely indubitable way, that the risk is overwhelming."

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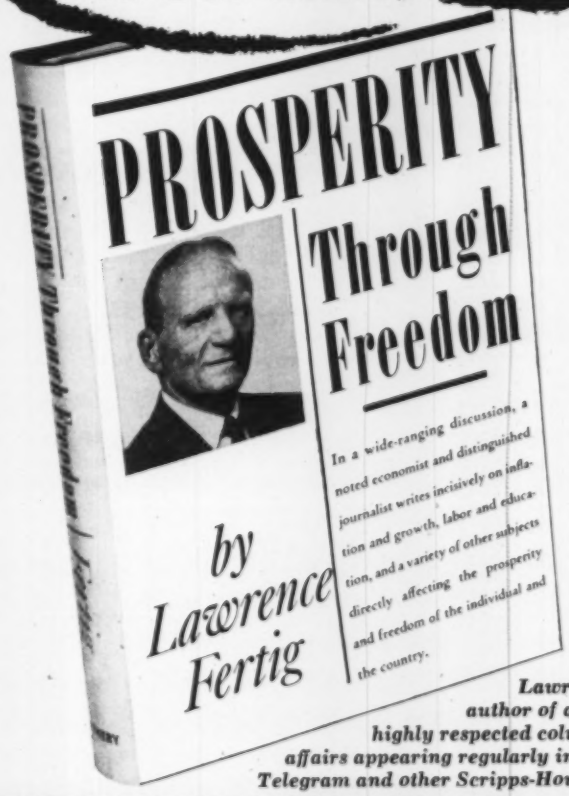
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JOHN DAVENPORT
Fortune Magazine

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Ireland's Boadicea

SIR SHANE LESLIE

As the Celtic Twilight drifts away from the scenes of Ireland's *Risorgimento*, the tougher characters survive. Yeats has been carried away in Cuchulain's "fairy chariot." Synge and Ibsen meet in the palace of realism. Lady Gregory, long the despised and battered maid of all work, takes place as the most important figure in those days of rising drama, rising dance and speech, and finally of a people rising out of the Irish dust.

Lady Gregory: A Literary Portrait, by Elizabeth Coxhead. Harcourt, Brace, $5.95

Augusta Gregory has never been sufficiently recognized or rewarded. It was not enough to be painted by Mancini and embronzed by Epstein. This book is the first to give her full credit for lifting the Abbey Theatre on her shoulders, raising a team of actors and actresses for Ireland, translating Irish saga into Anglo-Irish dialect (as beautiful as the Bible of King James) and fighting till her deathbed for the restoration of the Lane Picture Collection from the Tate Gallery to its rightful home in Dublin. And now it appears that she wrote Yeats' only successful play for him, taking no fame or credit. She was maligned and satirized by Gogarty and George Moore and the Patriots.

Fifty years ago while crossing the Atlantic I received anguished telegrams from New York (Bourke Cockran and John Quinn) not to give interviews on Synge's *Playboy*, which was being violently guyed in New York. Lady Gregory had been left to face the storm. She had no use for malicious men or envious women and Dublin swarmed with them. Big men like Theodore Roosevelt and Bernard Shaw, who make winds of freedom blow out of their very bedroom windows, stood by her always. Shaw owed to her courage the playing of *Blanco Posnet* in Dublin when condemned by the British censor. By defying Dublin Castle she put the Dublin mob to her side as surely as Jonathan Swift won them in his day. In New York in 1911 I was delighted to find Theodore Roosevelt standing up and protecting her in her box.

Most of her hours were hard, for she had to take the part of collaboratress and producer and, once when needed, the place of actress. So rose the Abbey Theatre out of the dust of a morgue to be Ireland's contribution to the concert of nations. Unless Augusta had been the midwife to deliver and keep alive the bantling, it would have died under curse and ban.

It is clear that her subtle power of wielding the English dialect of an Irish peasantry soaked to the soul in Gaelic helped or inspired or patched the plays of others in different ways, whether they went to the world under the name of Synge or Yeats or Hyde. It was as though she had opened a studio which produced very different masters, all related to the same school. The final triumph of the movement was her discovery of O'Casey and his *Juno and the Paycock*. Since her death the Abbey Theatre, however subsidized, flaunted, favored and flavored, has continually been playing at its own funeral. Nothing is clearer than the fact that its lost spirit became its own banshee.

Like any of rank or talent who take up the Irish cause, she was cursed from Left and Right: accused of being a snob but also of being in league with the gunmen. For aristocrat and peasant, she had full feeling, sympathy and understanding: for a Parnell or Wilfrid Blunt but not for a middle class which, whether Protestant or Catholic, was eager to crush the meteors who did not fear extinction once they had given blazing guidance to the plebs.

I am glad to remember the Dublin of those days. In Republican days it has fallen to the politician, publican, parson and priest with the prude in their train: all excellent after their manner, whether as subject for dramatic ridicule or pious admiration. But Dublin is now middle-class, and middling and meddling at that. When an undergraduate at Cambridge I could land at the old Kingstown, now re-called after an Irish King, and find George Moore at breakfast (correcting proofs in Ely Street and murmuring satiric *mots* to try out on Oliver Gogarty over the street). For lunch it was possible to join Professor Mahaffy at Trinity for a talk about the latest papyrus he had deciphered from Egypt, but spiced with some stinging Dublin gossip. The afternoon could be spent at Foxrock with Horace Plunkett divulging new cures for Ireland's agricultural ills, with the poet George Russell in attendance, who had been suitably chosen to edit the Irish *Homestead*, the farmers' Bible, in his intervals

Some Unpublished Letters of Lady Gregory

(Lady Gregory wrote of her efforts to restore the Lane art collection to Ireland in these letters, dated 1924 and 1926, to Lady Leslie, Sir Shane Leslie's mother and Sir Winston Churchill's aunt.)

"I send a copy of my Memoir of Hugh [Lane] that you may know how strong our claim is. We are working for a Govt Bill to legalize his codicil. This was prepared by Mr. Ian Macpherson but though I think half the Cabinet are in its favour, Lord Curzon's opposition and that of lawyers have held it up so far. Don't you think you could persuade your nephew Mr. Churchill to take our and your view of the case? That would be splendid and he would carry it through with a rush. All artists and writers are being snubbed while their petitions are neglected."

"I am anxious today having seen in the Dublin Independent that Com. Kenworthy is going to ask Mr. Baldwin about the Lane pictures next Thurs. It will be very bad if the reply is, as before—that we are to be offered a loan of part of the collection. We don't object to what our Gov. Gen. calls "a Kathleen Mavourneen loan. It may be for years and it may be forever!" as it wd. be understood the pictures wd. never go back. But a division of the pictures wd. be as firmly refused as the division of the living child by its mother in Solomon's Judgment."

from painting fairies from life. In the evening, with luck, there was Yeats controlling a first night at the Abbey, while Lady Gregory sat in her box accompanied by a huge cake of Barmback brought to refresh the famished players at midnight—for in those days they worked without pay and often without food.

None worked harder than Lady Gregory, and her manifestations were many. It was a cruel injustice to take away her merit and her undeniable achievement in the Irish drama. As the poets and writers of the movement proceeded upwards to their beds of dream, she (well nicknamed the Irish Cinderella) stood at the foot of the broken stairs and lit the candle of each. Her own light is quenched, but History will tell how many still-flickering lamps she touched off for others.

THIS BOOK by an Englishwoman will do her justice. Augusta was a fine, outstandingly Irish character except that she never struck back at deserters or revilers. In books like this she has her monument. Out in Galway she might have been still commemorated by the Persse house, in which she was brought up, or at Coole where she fostered the whole Irish movement. The first went down to fire during the Troubles, and the latter was dismantled and destroyed, leaving only her famous Autograph Tree to the penknives of vandals—the tree on which Shaw, Yeats and Synge had carved their initials. Ireland has been inclined to dispose of her memory without grace or gratitude, but her valiant spirit has continued to inspire the fight for the Lane pictures which has ended posthumously but victoriously.

Now that the Lane-collected masterpieces, mostly French and soaring to ridiculous values, pass to Irish custody to be admired by American visitors and neglected by natives like all the art in Dublin museums, I beg to add a few of Lady Gregory's letters addressed to my mother (Leonie Jerome of New York), who joined vigorously in the task of assailing British statesmen until justice was done to Hugh Lane's memory. May he sleep without banshee wailing over the sunken *Lusitania* outside the Old Head of Kinsale, where he lies!

The Cure That Kills

WILLMOORE KENDALL

WE POSSESS today a vast literature concerning the groups, organizations, and agencies in virtue of which we call our society pluralistic: how they "work" and are governed, how they square off to one another, how they influence or seek to influence public policy, and what, once understood, they teach "us" about "our" "behavior." Its authors are political scientists, sociologists, economists, all of whom take pride in being empirical in confining themselves to data that can be observed, to ideas that are operational (that is, capable of being tested by experience), to a point of view that is "impartial," "value-free." Officially, they neither approve nor disapprove of the "realities" they describe: they merely record, classify, seek "correlations," report.

The Decline of American Pluralism, by Henry S. Kariel. Stanford University Press, $6.75

What the literature in question adds up to has been, over the couple of decades during which it has luxuriated, anybody's guess. The men who write it are too busy-busy producing it to read each other's books unless for some *ad hoc* purpose. Other men, since the literature is as dull as it is vast, have in general preferred to consume it in small doses, and no more often than duty of one sort or another has required. It has, therefore, long awaited its over-all critic and summarizer, with, some of us have thought, scant likelihood of finding someone capable of doing it the severe justice that it would certainly require. Those who were all that interested in it could not have done it such justice; and those who could have, were unlikely to become all that interested in it—unless as a necessary stage in some wider and more profound inquiry.

So it has fallen out: The author of *The Decline of American Pluralism*, a brilliant young political scientist named Henry S. Kariel, has put himself apparently through the whole bibliography, for the excellent reason that he had to in order to try to answer two questions that are truly large and truly worth asking: First, what are American social scientists, and especially the political scientists up to? And second, what about our national bet (which we have certainly placed) on "pluralism"?

Any review of less than mammoth proportions must skimp Kariel's answer to both questions, to say nothing of his admirable survey of our "organizational" literature. As for the survey (for which his book would deserve to be widely read even had it no other strength or virtue), we can pause only to note that he thinks it warrants at least the following (for him) overwhelmingly significant conclusions:

Our self-regulating pluralistic organizations do not adequately represent the interests of their individual members. They neither liberate nor fulfill those members; they enforce

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"unanimity of outlook" upon them, keeping individuals in line by a wide variety of sanctions. Where and when they have impact on public policy, as they constantly do, they tend to "make the power to formulate policy the property of the few, to confirm existing power relationships, to support the strongest interests to the exclusion of others. Though nominally private, they increasingly assume public functions, functions that are in fact governmental; and yet they remain immune to the "criteria of responsibility we are committed to apply" where such functions are concerned; their activity in the public sphere makes against the equal distribution of public power. In a word, they not only do not accomplish, they actually defeat, the purposes we are fond of attributing to them. And all this, *mutatis mutandis,* goes more or less equally for our corporations, our trade unions, our professional and business associations, our local government constituencies, and even for the agencies we establish to regulate this or that area of the resulting chaos.

As for the social scientists, they are in fact apologists for the state of affairs they think themselves to be describing so impartially and "scientifically." They are, consciously or unconsciously, committed to the view that if the self-regulating groups are merely let alone, all will be well; that public policy arrived at through continuous bargaining among such groups is sound public policy. They seek merely to minimize or eliminate the conflicts and tensions that might mar the natural harmony the groups are supposed to produce, to maintain "social peace." That, however, puts them in the business of attempting to learn to "understand and control every baffling idiosyncrasy" that might undermine equilibrium within the groups or among the groups—which, will-they or nil-they, pushes them in the direction of the elitism of that elite which will one day exercise the controls they will have learned to apply.

As for our pluralism, Kariel finds it a failure: it has neither assured our individual rights, nor given us equality in the public realm. We must, therefore, abandon it insofar as it is inconsistent with "constitutional democracy" properly understood—for which read: majority-rule. We must, in a word, turn away from the pluralism that deprives us of liberty and equality, to . . . the state. It alone can assure us a continuous and healthy advance towards recapture of our rightful heritage, which includes both individual rights and equality in the public realm. Kariel's picture of what the state must do to those ends, or even his picture of how that state should, in general, be organized, does not differ in any noticeable way from that of the next centralizer-leveller.

THIS IS, however, a book that conservatives should read and study, if only to identify, and learn to avoid, the dilemma into which its author would like, one imagines, to inveigle them, namely: either defend the self-regulating group and the abuses to which it demonstrably leads, or come on over to an essentially statist position.

That is *not* the choice we have to make, and for a number of reasons over and above the obvious one that the case *for the group-regulating state* cannot be established, as Kariel would like to establish it, by establishing the case *against the self-regulating group.* First, because the station at which conservatives should get off Kariel's train is that at which it takes on the baggage of individual rights and equality in the public realm as the criteria by which to judge political and social arrangements. The appropriate criteria, for conservatives, are those of justice and the common good, with neither of which Kariel seems to have more than a nodding acquaintance. Second, because before getting on the train at all conservatives should smell out a piece of baggage that is concealed 'way up front in the locomotive: namely, the premise that freedom and the proper distribution of power in the public realm depend primarily upon social and political arrangements, rather than—a possibility that he seems not to have considered—upon the moral quality of the citizenry.

Conservatives know better than that. They may, therefore, concede to Kariel that the facts of our organizational life are disturbing beyond measure (they are, and perhaps more so from the standpoint of justice and the common good than from that of individual rights and equality), yet continue to seek the remedy not in statism but in—yes, education in virtue.

Excitement Without Communication

The Poetry of the Beats

RALPH DE TOLEDANO

"WE HAVE seen the familiar room grow unfamiliar," T. S. Eliot wrote in *The Fall of the City.* It is the modern poet's task to restore that familiarity. His tools are a disciplined sensibility, the sense of form, and the response to tradition. Of these, the most important is the disciplined sensibility, for it channels the sense of form and prevents the traditional response from becoming rampant epigonism. The poets of the Beat generation have rejected both discipline and sensibility by perverting the *ars poetica* into a series of noisy orgasms. Very appropriately, one of their literary magazines is called *Howl*—deliberately suggesting a dog sitting on its haunches and serenading the full moon.

If five of the outstanding Beat poets were locked in a room with orders to write a sonnet—and if the smell did not overpower them—they might be able to recall some high-school knowledge of meter, rhyme scheme, and the arrangement of lines. But it would be in the nature of a miracle if even one of them realized that the inner logic of a sonnet is utterly different from that of any other verse form. And they would be astonished to learn that some of E. E. Cummings' most typographically eccentric poems are correct exercises in this traditional form. For the Beat poets have convinced themselves that poetry must be a combination of nausea and the stirrings of the urino-genital tract.

In short, they have taken as a poetic credo those misunderstood lines of Yeats, "He that sings a lasting song/Thinks in a marrow bone." The idea that poetry is emotion disciplined in recollection is alien to them

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—and in their frolics they put great store in the "improvised" poem. Art, for the Beats, is an overflow as accidental as a bathtub running over. This "revolt" against discipline, this apotheosis of the visceral and the phallic, are finger-exercises in sterility, as graceless and unproductive as the copulation of mules. The result is that dehumanization which, many years ago in *Blast*, Ezra Pound and Wyndham Lewis saw as "the chief diagnostic of the Modern World."

Lawrence Ferlinghetti, so beloved of the Beat generation, is a case in point. Even those who do not always equate genius with dirty nails take him seriously, and Kenneth Tynan gives him a forum on British television. Now Mr. Ferlinghetti may call himself a poet—and frequently does—but artistically his nearest of kin is the "sick" comedian Lennie Bruce. Both men have discovered that obscenity, the shock of unpleasant juxtaposition, and unrestraint are negotiable commodities. Mr. Bruce, a highly unfunny man, has built up a considerable following among adolescents, tired businessmen and cowed intellectuals through his use in nightclubs of four-letter words and loathsome tales. Mr. Ferlinghetti, with all the finesse of a progressive school brat explaining life to his elders, employs the same effects.

I do not object to obscenity or to the use of shock as a poetic device. E. E. Cummings made as sly a use of sex as we have seen since Catullus. There are words in Ezra Pound which can hardly be uttered at the dinner table, even today. And in the non-sexual realm, Mr. Eliot made his point, in the famous opening to *Prufrock*, by brutally wrenching his reader from the conventional aspects of a sunset to the patient etherized upon the table. But Mr. Ferlinghetti's prurience is about as effective and interesting as an interpolation from the Table of Weights and Measures. Mr. Pound's preoccupation with monetary reform was a bore, true. The difference, of course, lies in the fact that even at his worst Mr. Pound is a superlative craftsman, whereas Mr. Ferlinghetti has never bothered to learn the rudiments of poetic discourse.

No critic would give serious consideration to a composer who attempted a symphony without knowledge of musical notation, of the range and capabilities of the instruments, of theory and harmony—who was equipped solely with the desire to compose and an ability to strum the ukulele by ear. Music is recognized as a technical discipline. That we all use words, and that a diminishing number of us can spell them, leads the unwary to think that poetry is somehow different.

Random Notes

Movies: An October change in the Production Code opens the way to Code approval of movies dealing with sex perversions, providing said perversions "are treated with care, discretion, and restraint." What the change means is possible Code Approval for such forthcoming flicks as *The Best Man, Advise and Consent, The Devil's Advocate, Freud* (a John Huston original, now shooting in Munich), and William Wyler's remake of *The Children's Hour*, which improbably stars Audrey Hepburn.

Proof that Miss Hepburn can make almost anything into *The Children's Hour* (the Longfellow kind, not the Hellman kind) is the fact that her current *Breakfast at Tiffany's*, in which kept boy meets kept girl, opened in New York at that citadel of Family Entertainment, the Radio City Music Hall. . . . Parlay of the year: Jerry Wald will make a fictionalized version of Robert Kennedy's *The Enemy Within*, with Budd Schulberg writing the screenplay, Robert Mitchum representing Labor, and Paul Newman starring as Bobby (Wald, reports the *New York Times*, "is negotiating with Spencer Tracy to represent management").

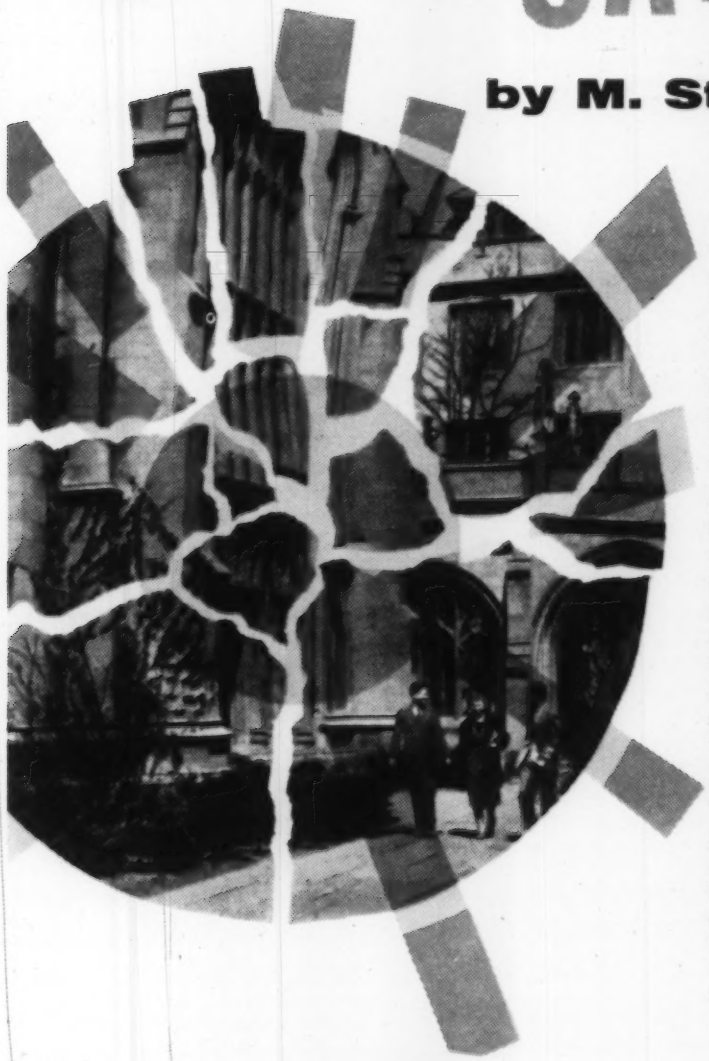
Magazines: Samuel Newhouse, who controls both Conde Nast and Street and Smith, has sent *Living for Young Homemakers* the way of *Coronet* and *Collier's;* effective January 1, Street and Smith's *Living* will disappear, and Conde Nast's *House and Garden* will be published as *House and Garden* Incorporating *Living*. (Newhouse, who makes a specialty of pruning, had previously merged Street and Smith's *Charm* with Conde Nast's thriving *Glamour*.)

Books: Among this fall's solid flock of paperbacks, there is *On Poetry and Poets* by T. S. Eliot (Noonday, $1.95), sixteen essays, most of them written since 1945, that go a long way toward making up a theory of poetry. . . . Also new in paperback, Dorothy Van Ghent's *The English Novel: Form and Function* (Harper Torchbook, $1.75), an imaginative, exciting analysis of a handful of novels. . . . Robert Lowell's new *Imitations* (Farrar, Straus and Cudahy, $4.50) is what he calls "a book of versions and free translations"; the translations, sometimes startlingly good, always original, are of eighteen poets, mostly Villon, Baudelaire, Rimbaud, Rilke, and Montale.

A totally engaging ramble of a book, *I Want to Quit Winners* (Prentice-Hall, $4.95) by Harold S. Smith Sr., (he runs Harold's Club in Reno) is about winners and losers, gamblers and tourists, the Smith family and how they parlayed an amusement park concession into the world's largest gambling house, and about Smith himself, a man who claims to have always "played them as they lay.". . . *Note:* Among new books by *NR* contributors, there is Hugh Kenner's *Samuel Beckett* (Evergreen Original, $1.95, paper), the first full-scale critical study of Beckett. . . . A new paperback edition of *McCarthy and His Enemies* by William F. Buckley Jr. and Brent Bozell has been published by Henry Regnery ($2.95). . . . Also from Regnery, *Revolt on the Campus*, by M. Stanton Evans ($4.50), on the conservative explosion in the universities. . . . And *Frank Lloyd Wright* by Finis Farr (Scribner, $5.95).

REVOLT ON THE CAMPUS

by M. Stanton Evans



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They ignore R. P. Blackmur's critical warning that the poet can give disorder room only within order. (Long before the day of Jackson Pollock, Floyd Dell stopped a lecturer on modern painting by asking: "What is the difference between art and apple butter?" For the Beat poet, there is no difference.)

Order, or form, is imposed on poetry through technical and emotional discipline. The poets of our contemporaneity who have ignored the call of the cult recognize that the poetic impulse—an end-all for the Beat poets—is cruel, deceptive and rampaging. It must be whipped into shape, civilized, directed. This process calls for the continual sacrifice (the "extinction," Mr. Eliot insists) of the abounding and unrestrained personality. Only so can the poetic impulse be transmuted into the poem. In poetry, there is no such thing as spirit writing.

The verses of Mr. Eliot, Wallace Stevens, Marianne Moore, are wrought, not written. Whether or not we like a particular poem, we know as we read it that every phrase, every line, every juxtaposition, was weighed and considered; that the balance of image and thought, of rhythm and language, were imposed on the poetic impulse by the poetic mind; that emotion had been caught and refined by the discipline of poetic technique. Even Conrad Aiken, at times moody and diffuse, works at a desk and not in an orgone box.

Beyond the inherent genius of Mr. Eliot or Mr. Stevens, there is a dedication to the craft without which all else is lacking. This is why their poetry continues to cast into shadow the work of later poets; why, despite the pawing it has received at the hands of the Academic Establishment, it retains its immediacy; why all the flummery of the Imagists, the Vorticists, and the other faddists which excited critics some decades back is but a footnote to history and a pile of chicken feathers. Sincerely written, they are no more valid than the verses of "Anne Knish" and "Emanuel Morgan"—two "Spectrists" created as a mammoth jape by Witter Bynner and Arthur Davison Ficke.

The bumps and grinds of the Beat school may appeal to the blunted tastes and the stunted sensibilities of our own times, but they have as little connection with poetry as a strip act does with the sex act. They offer excitement without communication. Perhaps this is being too harsh with Mr. Ferlinghetti & Company. Perhaps the real blame should fall to those who, presumably knowing better, have convinced the Beat poets that the burlesque house is *commedia dell'arte.*

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BOOKS IN BRIEF

ON THE CONTRARY, by Mary McCarthy (Farrar, $4.50). Mary McCarthy is hardly ever dull and often malicious in a delicious way. She's bright too. All this may outrage sentimentalists but will delight those who feel that the world can stand astringent treatment. This somewhat motley collection provides plenty. There are some superb polemics here (the peripatetic Mlle. de Beauvoir becomes a sitting goose and our "creative writing courses" effortlessly parody themselves); some serious, accurate and perceptive comments (on fashion; on Dickens and his critics). Miss McCarthy has a fine and snobbish eye for social foibles, and a playful but precise ability to relate them to their origins. Once in a while she feels she has to redeem herself from "negativism" by revealing that Gandhi, or Arthur Miller, meant well and were not always appreciated fully. All right *ad hoc* perhaps, though unbalanced and a bit trite, but *post hoc* uninteresting. And occasionally she forays beyond her depth. Thus she finds Hannah Arendt great, largely, it seems, because Miss Arendt is more portentous, a better etymologist and more widely read than her admirer. A better reason for admiring than for reviewing her. But Miss McCarthy is so often full of amusement and instruction that one feels churlish in mentioning her occasional clichés, partialities or superficialities. They stand out because they are rare. She deals with ideas in so animated a way they almost become fiction. As a *femme de lettres*, one may well compare her to Simone de Beauvoir, and wonder why the latter has more renown. Is it because, or in spite of, Miss McCarthy being so much more sophisticated? Or is the French intellectual tradition so much more supportive than ours?

E. VAN DEN HAAG

THE AGE OF REASON BEGINS, by Will and Ariel Durant (Simon and Schuster, $10.00). Septuagenarian Will Durant needs to discover no second childhood. His innocence is undisturbed: history is still a simple tale of progress in his eyes, and "progress" is shorthand for "the escape from theology." The advantages of holding this view are an ability to compress, to outline in broad strokes; while the power of innocence puts verve and nerve, to tingle or sting, in every sentence. The man's ingenuity never flags, because it is impelled by a boy's heart. Durant is only posing as Voltaire; the real man is more akin to Walter Scott or Robert Louis Stevenson. He is the age's greatest journalist, and perhaps our best historical novelist. This new chapter in the Story of Man is not more tendentious than *War and Peace,* and it is sometimes as exciting.

G. WILLS

SOUTH: *Modern Southern Literature in its Cultural Setting,* edited by Louis D. Rubin Jr., and Robert D. Jacobs (Doubleday, $1.45). Although the book trade—academic and Greyhound Bus—has flourished for two generations on a rich variety of Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings, William Faulkner, Erskine Caldwell, Wilbur Daniel Steele, Jesse Stuart, and a spread of others, little critical material is available on Southern writers. *South* is a beginning. As a general collection, it presents some odd choices. The editors failed to

squeeze in Wilbur Daniel Steele, hit only a passing lick at Marjorie Rawlings, and neglected even to name Frances Parkinson Keyes. Further, they present the Southern Gothic of Carson McCullers and Flannery O'Connor about as reverently as they do the massive profundities of Faulkner. The book might better have been titled *The South According To Freud, The Modern Language Association, And Even As It Stands To Some Southerners.* Louise Cowan's essay on Southern poetry does explain something of the South; the Heilman piece on "The Southern Temper" is helpful to an outsider; and Randall Stewart's study of Donald Davidson unravels some of the problems of regionalism. Though the book sadly lacks an index, its bibliographies on individual authors are helpful. Not really a good book, but worth the price for the better few of its twenty-three units.

R. O. BOWEN

STRING TOO SHORT TO BE SAVED, by Donald Hall (Viking, $5.00). Rural New England turns into a ranch house development or a series of motels, or the rebuilt farms become gentlemen's estates for tax deduction purposes. At its very worst it becomes an artists' colony. But the old self-sufficient farming life that began with the ending of the French and Indian wars has ended. One can trace the beginning of the decline in Sarah Orne Jewett. *String Too Short to be Saved* is an aftermath, an elegy to this vanishing New England that the author lived through as a boy in the long summers he worked on his grandfather's New Hampshire farm before and during World War II. Perhaps because he was a poet born, Mr. Hall sensed as a child the inward decay of the living moment. Those who still worked their farms were old, like his grandparents, the sign of death as visible on them as it was on their way of life. What he has recalled with loving exactness is autumnal even in the fullness of summer. His is a sad book as life itself is often sad, a moving poet's record of what should not be forgotten of a rural past, what in our age was an anachronism and what we cannot help but regret.

F. RUSSELL

1961–1962

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William Ingles, President

Labor Policy Association, Inc.

The student award of 1960–61 was made to Mr. John M. Court, a graduate student of law at the College of William and Mary, Williamsburg, Virginia. Mr. Court's book will be published in November 1961 under the title "The Problems of Union Power, Vol. 1, 1960–61." The Awards Committee did not approve any faculty paper for an award.

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To the Editor

A "Burnt-Out Case"?

It strikes me that Edwin McDowell falls into error when he compares W. R. Hearst after the Democratic National Convention of 1932 to a nova ["Newspaper Emperor," October 21]. Having shone brightly in the political firmament for a time, a nova becomes a 'burnt-out case,' or, astronomically speaking, a white dwarf. I would suggest that Mr. Hearst found himself a political meteorite at the indicated stage of his career, or that he then reached his political perigee. But not a nova! Dark horses become novas—when they win.

Tyler, Tex. S. A. COCHRAN JR.

Not the "Simples"!

In his letter [November 4] Mr. Thomas V. Murphy Jr. doubts that Benjamin Franklin stated that the Federal Constitution was designed in 1787 to create a "republic." Mr. Murphy continues: "Furthermore, the Federal Constitution which he had just signed did not warrant this description because it nowhere mentions the word 'republic.'" Apparently Mr. Murphy overlooked Section 4 of Article IV of the Constitution which provides: "The United States shall guarantee to every State in this Union a Republican Form of Government, and shall protect each of them against Invasion; and on Application of the Legislature, or of the Executive (when the Legislature cannot be convened) against domestic violence." If Dr. Franklin intended to imply that the Constitution was designed to create a "Democracy," to ride herd over the states in order to assure to each "a Republican Form of Government," the Doctor should have been bled for his "humors" and bored for the "simples" and quietly placed in a madhouse.

Dalton, Ga. R. CARTER PITTMAN

Does it seem possible that Dr. Franklin would have signed a document that required the member states to have a republican form of government while he opposed the same form of government for the Federal Government? I think not. In requiring the states to have a republican government, the founding fathers, Dr. Franklin among them, intended them to have the same form as did the federal government they were also forming.

If there is any doubt as to the type of government that the framers of the Constitution intended, one needs only to turn to the Federalist Papers to end this doubt. There the three writers, who were also members of the Constitutional Convention and signatories of the document, continually refer to the union as a republic. In the 43rd paper, James Madison, conceded by all to be the "Father of the Constitution," stated: "In a confederacy founded on republican principles, and composed of republican members, the superintending government ought clearly to possess authority to defend the system against aristocratic or monarchist innovations."

Baltimore, Md. JOHN G. MURRAY

Emerging History

Like the great majority of Americans, I am sympathetic to the expressed aims of the Peace Corps. I am pleased to note, therefore, that the unfortunate "post card" incident is coming to be regarded as of minor consequence.

I am writing now, however, because, in all the comment which has come to my attention, there has been little, if any, recognition of the remarkable progress which actually characterizes the modern Federation of Nigeria. The general reaction reflected in the press seems to be that, while the young lady was indiscreet in her remarks (or at least in the manner of giving them expression), the remarks themselves were probably accurate. This is a grave injustice to the thriving city of Ibadan and to the University College located there.

As an official of World Neighbors, Inc.—a private, non-sectarian and non-governmental agency engaged in self-help programs of agriculture, literacy, health and crafts at the village level in Asia, Africa, and Latin America—I have traveled widely in these areas over the past ten years. In some of these sectors there are, of course, conditions so primitive

and desperate as to be well-nigh beyond description.

A few months ago I went up for the first time to the city of Ibadan—the largest all-African city in the world: I drove up a paved highway from the coast past a huge cement factory, past the towers that permit direct dialing by radio-telephone from Lagos, past prosperous plantations of cocoa and tapioca. I entered the city through heavy automobile traffic (Ibadan has the first automatic car-wash in Africa) and stopped, gaping, to watch construction proceeding on the city's third skyscraper, thirty-two stories high. I went on past impressive "Broadcast House," past the elaborate television station which broadcasts sixteen hours a day and which has its commercial time sold out for the next six months (no commercials on Sunday), past the modern and attractive buildings which house the government offices of the Federation's Western Division, past the huge hospital, the massive sports stadium, and on to the campus of University College—where Peace Corps personnel are presently in training. So attractive is this new and expanding campus that I gave serious thought to the possibility that one day I might be privileged to bring my family and teach there.

Without a doubt, by searching a bit, one could find "primitive" conditions in Ibadan and, certainly, in the outlying bush. With the same searching, one could uncover unsightly conditions in the slums of most of our own major cities.

Nigeria has vast problems yet unsolved if she is to give her people the educational standards and economic levels which they hope for and anticipate. But her progress thus far deserves recognition and applause. The emerging history of this largest of African nations is one of the most heartening and encouraging portents on the world's horizon today.

JOHN L. PETERS, President
World Neighbors, Inc.
Washington, D.C.

Status Symbols

I find distinctly encouraging Mr. Colm Brogan's report [November 4] that today's young manual workers in Britain are "determined to get rid of the class marks of the traditional proletariat." More dinner jackets and more Continental holiday tans for

"... Government never of itself furthered any enterprise, but by the alacrity with which it got out of its way. It does not keep the country free. It does not settle the West. It does not educate. The character inherent in the American people has done all that has been accomplished; and it would have done somewhat more, if the government had not sometimes got in its way."

—Henry David Thoreau in "Civil Disobedience"

The words of the Yankee political philosopher echo truer today than a century ago when they were written. Government produces nothing; government creates nothing. The engine of big government spending programs cannot be set in motion until it's fueled with what it has *first taken away* from each individual citizen.

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them, say I. Their striving for "status symbols" offers some assurance that there'll always be an England, despite the death-wish of Mr. John Osborne and other Young Angries.

New York City ALICE NELSON

Matter of Priority

L. Brent Bozell's "The Strange Drift of Liberal Catholicism" [August 12] substantiates, rather than refutes, criticisms several Catholic publications have made against the Conservative position. As a leading Conservative spokesman, Mr. Bozell has shown himself to be as irresponsible as, say, a Murrow or a Susskind. His verbal pyrotechnics, full of sound but empty of thought, fail satisfactorily to answer a genuinely Christian protest against existing social injustices.

Beyond charging Father George H. Dunne, S.J. with writing anti-American propaganda, Mr. Bozell exhorts Catholics "with more important things on their minds" to do "their supreme duty to the Christian West." By this he appears to urge rejection of Father Dunne's plea that justice for Negroes and for migrant workers is a paramount obligation for all citizens. Such concern, Mr. Bozell argues, is secondary to the struggle with Communism and, if emphasized, might threaten our social structure and enervate our will to fight the psychologically and militarily armed forces of the world conspiracy.

Pope Pius XI, in his encyclical *On Atheistic Communism*, wrote: ". . . it is impossible to care for the social organism and the good of society as a unit unless each single part and each individual member—that is to say, each individual man in the dignity of his human personality—is supplied with all that is necessary for his social functions. If social justice be satisfied, the result will be an intense activity in economic life as a whole, pursued in tranquility and order. This activity will be proof of the health of the social body. . . ."

These words contrast sharply with Mr. Bozell's fear that people will lapse into "jungle-chaos," because those working for social justice seek to destroy social injustice. The Boston Tea Party entertained no such fear, nor were its members any more possessed by a "wrecker mentality" than is Father Dunne. The late Pontiff was just as concerned with the menace of Communism as Mr. Bozell, but, recognizing the evils

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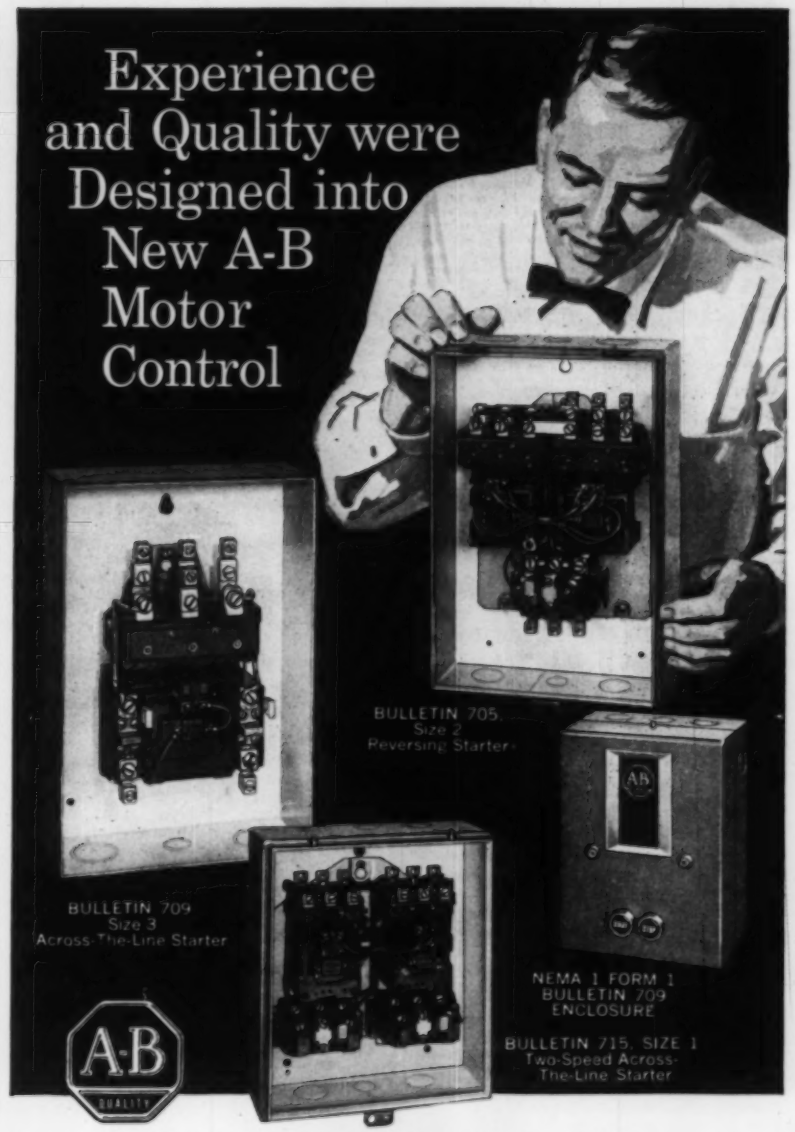
which had spawned Communism, he indicated true remedies which can, if followed, make the protests and spurious claims of Communism obsolete.

There are nearly 20 million Negroes in the United States and 2 million people of Mexican origin. The welfare and opportunity these people have or do not have is a vital concern to the nation as a whole. The matter as it stands retards our national growth as well as our efforts in the struggle between East and West. Those who strive to cure our defects must always be considered as patriotic, if not wise in their choice of cures. This does not include Communists, who actually aggravate our defects, but it does number persons who may offer conflicting solutions. Among such a number are, let us hope, Conservatives and Liberals, sincere men and women who are willing to suffer even persecution for the sake of justice.

As for Mr. Bozell's claim that God's civilization is involved, he must realize that the West is not the true end and nature of the Catholic Church. Hilaire Belloc wrote a clear, accurate and Catholic analysis called "The Crisis of Our Civilization," wherein he points out that the roots of the West were nearly all torn up some four hundred years ago. Despite technological progress we have been reaping the evils spawned by that explosion, evils such as usury, monopoly control of capital, property, and the tools of production, and unbridled competition. Belloc called for the abolition of these evils, because "Industrial Capitalism itself, its system of morals, its negative greed, its whole being, had bred a child, fashioned in its own image, which child bids fair to murder his father. That child was the social philosophy first confusedly known as Socialism, later more completely and logically as Communism." The solution Belloc recommended was a return to ancient Christian concepts of man, to social justice as exemplified in the Middle Ages by a wide and equitable distribution of property, by the guilds which recognized and safeguarded human dignity, and by the return of the West to *Ecclesia Mater*. He declared that the Communists dealt with the roots of our problems, albeit falsely, but he stressed the urgency of replacing "the injustices and intolerable strain of Capitalism."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Belloc was not a Communist propagandist, nor was he anti-American or anti-English, and Mr. Kirk has referred to him as an auxiliary in the history of modern Conservatism. I suggest that Mr. Bozell peruse the writings of Belloc. He may not agree with all that the great Catholic writer and thinker expressed, but he will learn that Catholic demands for immediate remedies to existing social and economic injustices spring from a passionate desire to defend and preserve the values of Christian culture and the Faith as much as they are motivated by charity and a passion for justice.

The question left in my mind by Mr. Bozell is: Does being a Conservative mean that in the present crisis one suspends the Christian obligation "to help those who find themselves in want and misery"? I have believed that social justice could be best realized through the Conservative approach, as set forth in Professor Russell Kirk's *The Conservative Mind*, and I hope that Mr. Bozell has not proven my belief wrong.

New York City EDWARD T. WELCH

When Saint Paul exhorted slaves to obey their masters, he was not advocating slavery, but setting an order of priority in the thousand tasks men faced in his time. Mr. Bozell suggests that an order of priority, and an assessment of instruments, is as pressing a duty in the dissolving world of our day. Communism's advance is not to be stopped primarily by destroying American prejudices (at the admitted risk of "wrecking" American society, a prospect Father Dunne contemplates with terrible calm). Nor is universality of the Faith to be achieved by renouncing the human and historical vehicle of that Faith's development to this point. Belloc knew that the West is a broken sword, but that—humanly speaking, and at this juncture of history—we have no other weapon if we would defend the Faith's citadel and organizational center in time. Mr. Bozell wrote not to idealize the West but to make it face hard realities; not to identify it with the Faith, but to recall it to service. —ED.

Smear Unchallenged

Archduke Otto's defense of trade unions as autonomous organic entities [November 4] eloquently restated the traditional conservative

position and reflected conservatism's corporative origin. La Tour du Pin, de Mun, Vogelsang and Schaffle whom he cited have been ignored and their contributions overlooked, perhaps because of the fact that the Liberal Establishment's smear of all corporative theories as "Fascist" has gone unchallenged. The ideal of La Tour and Vogelsang was echoed in *Rerum Novarum* and *Quadragesimo Anno* and had little save superficial surface similarities with Mussolini's caricature.

Brooklyn, N.Y. DONALD F. BARRY

Youth's Panacea

Listening, pensive, I played the new record,
Volume by Stentor, of course. Man alive!
What memories haunted me as I relaxed
On my pad, and reflected. *NR* is five!

What was that, tramping the floor near my head?
Those letters? *NR*? Imagination?
Not so. I saw myself, once more a boy,
Passing out samples of pills for purgation.

They also were stamped with the letters *"NR"*;
Who dared to believe himself well
Would find by ingesting that here were contained
Agents to cleanse him and save him from Hell.

St. Petersburg, Fla. R. J. NEEDLES, M.D.

P.S. I *did* enjoy the record of NATIONAL REVIEW's Fifth Anniversary Party.

Nixon Episode Invented

May I comment on just one small aspect of Murray Kempton's otherwise excellent review of the Theodore H. White book, *The Making of the President* [September 9]. Kempton claims that White has conquered all of *Time's* bad habits: "he is, for example, above that stable's habit of inventing quotations."

The truth is that Mr. White is not above inventing situations—if not exactly quotations. On page 178, for example, he describes how Vice President Nixon had decided to observe his rival in action on TV making his acceptance speech. And White adds: "He therefore invited two intimates of his campaign to his home to watch and measure the performance of the enemy. They sat rapt, then content, then pleased. The rapid delivery, the literary language, the obvious exhaustion of the Democratic candidate, the mechanical flaws inherent in an open-air telecast from a camera one hundred feet away in uncontrolled conditions, all combined to invite in them a sense of combative good feeling. The Vice President offered the observation that he thought it a poor performance, way over people's heads, too fast. He could take this man on TV—so he felt."

The episode never occurred. Mr. Nixon was not at home that night. Instead, he attended a small dinner party at a friend's home where he and the other guests did watch Mr. Kennedy's TV appearance. Moreover, Mr. Nixon did not make the observation attributed to him by Mr. White. In fact, he said nothing at all about Mr. Kennedy's performance at Los Angeles.

The truth is that, for some time prior to the Democratic convention, Mr. Nixon had viewed Mr. Kennedy as his most probable opponent. Moreover, Mr. Nixon had long before predicted that Mr. Kennedy would be forced to select Lyndon Johnson as his running-mate. And, as I can state from personal knowledge, Mr. Nixon figured that would indeed be a tough team to beat in what he foresaw as a close election.

Unfortunately for the U.S. and the free world, he was right. But where does that leave Mr. White?

New York City VICTOR LASKY

Good Reason

President Kennedy won't stump for Governor Meyner ["The Week," November 4] mainly because Governor Meyner isn't running for anything!

Lyndhurst, N.J. WILLIAM ICKLAN

Well, *we* are, for shelter, after *that* goof. —ED.

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WAS COYNE RIGHT?

(Continued from p. 334)

ment demonology which has been such a transcendent secular cult in the U.S. In the Tory party, George Hees, ex-football player, now Minister of Trade and Commerce, was heading the call for easy money whenever he wasn't sputtering preposterous sycophancies about the acumen of Cuban businessmen.

The little Dutch boy role in this melodrama was played by Donald Fleming, who labored hard to keep the free spenders in check. Fleming's stewardship showed a net loss of just about $1 million per day since 1957. In the middle of the Coyne furore, however, he yielded to pressure and withdrew the plug, announcing a budget in which the loss rate was to be doubled. Coyne had also been carried away, and publicly announced a set of "crisis" recommendations which included higher taxes and tariffs. The only merit in Coyne's proposals was some semblance of fiscal solvency.

Coyne and Fleming had formerly agreed that the prerequisite to a sound economy was a sound dollar. How sound may have been questionable, in view of such actions as the 12 per cent increase in the money supply made in 1958 to soak up the Government's conversion of its long-term debt, but the high interest rate, relatively tight money policies which had characterized the Liberals' views continued under the Tories, in spite of "Dief's" charges that the Liberals had brought on the 1957 recession by tight money.

It now seems clear that the Tories decided to counteract rapidly declining popularity by removing Coyne and launching on the muddy stream of low-interest, free-spending policies. Whether Coyne's charge that they sought to make him the scapegoat for their own failure to formulate a monetary policy is true, remains an open question. There is no doubt that Coyne embarrassed the Tories by his speeches, particularly his point that monetary restraint was insufficient to check inflation unless the Government also practiced discipline.

The interesting part of the struggle came when the Senate, a collection of appointed party wheelhorses, came hobbling out of the obscurity to which its performance has long relegated it, to reject the Government's bill firing Coyne. "Dief" threatened to call an election on the hoary issue of Senate reform, but reconsidered, probably on the basis of the blow in prestige the Tories had suffered through their fumbling of the affair, but also because the New Party founding convention was looming, and any votes it gets after consolidating its strength may come from discouraged Liberal supporters.

The Dust Settles

Whether brought on by Coyne or not, the Government finally assumed some responsibility for the dollar premium and took two steps to correct it. First, the Bank of Canada began to buy American dollars; secondly, Fleming announced the Government's intention of keeping the dollar below par. This belated recognition of the problem triggered an avalanche of selling of Canadian dollars, driving the dollar to a temporary 5¢ discount, which has now stabilized at approximately 3¢ below par. This was accompanied by a lowering of the Bank rate, reducing the desire of borrowers to obtain their pelf in New York.

It is clear that the discount can only be maintained if the rate of American investment does not greatly exceed the half-billion annual interest and dividend payout. If the Government were forced to counteract a rising dollar by large sales of Canadian funds, it could only obtain them by increasing an already frighteningly large deficit. This would mean further Government borrowing, which would tend to force interest rates higher. If interest rates climbed appreciably, the rate of American investment would soar, thus forcing even larger deficits on the Government. Although this *circulus inextrabilis* looms, a delicate balance has been achieved. Ironically, the firing of Coyne helped to stem the flow of foreign investment, since many investors interpreted his exit as signaling dangerous inflation ahead for Canada.

Coyne is now gone, and the dust has settled. His prescription, properly understood, is not "anti-American," but merely a healthy dose of economic gumption. He sought to channel Canada's frustrations into a constructive desire to stand on her own feet. Canada's survival as a separate nation and partner in the Atlantic community depends on it.

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